The Nation

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The Week

THE campaign in behalf of the Liberty loan, which may now be judged by the results, was most efficiently conducted. It will be found later on, we believe, not only to have insured this exceedingly gratifying success of the present loan, but to have prepared the American people in the most effective way for whatever future requisitions of the kind may be made upon them. This does not mean that any subsequent war-loan issue can be safely left to be taken without an equally vigorous public canvass. In both England and Germany, where the largest single loans of the war have been put out during the past few months, it was noteworthy that the vigor and energy of the publicity campaign surpassed all precedent in either market. Our own population, far more than that of either Germany or England, has an immense body of potential investors on whom this present loan probably has not drawn at all. This first subscription has shown to the American people, as the war loans of 1863 and 1864 showed to the people of that day, how little conception we really had, three or four years ago, of the total fund of available private wealth and the wideness of its distribution.

IN his talk with Senator Martin and other leaders of Congress last Friday President Wilson not only urged the need of passing food legislation quickly, but indicated the essential and lowest terms of the measure desired. First comes the provision for unified Government purchases of grain and other supplies—both for ourselves and for the Allies. It has often been explained that the soaring prices and apparently wild speculation on the wheat market were largely due to the bidding of foreign Governments against one another. If all this buying on public account could be centralized and controlled, the steadying and wholesome effect would be undoubted. The President also points out the necessity of preventing by law hoarding of food, and also of guaranteeing minimum prices, in order to stimulate and assure production. Here, then, are the bare requisites of food-legislation, which the President is fully warranted in urging, and which Congress will be derelict if it does not speedily enact.

WITHIN a few weeks, Gen. Goethals intimates, all ships in American yards will be under construction not for private interests, but for the Government. By this unprecedented step in commandeering, the Government will be able to rush construction night and day, will be able to alter ships under contract to fit its needs, and can clear the ways for its own great new fleet. Gen. Goethals told the shipbuilders who met with him last Friday that under this Government organization of energies it is expected that 3,000,000 tons of shipping can be turned out in eighteen months, and his statement is clearly the conservative estimate of a conservative man. The British Government is said to hold contracts for nearly 1,000,000 tons of the 2,000,000 tons of shipping now under construction, and it was stated weeks ago that it would turn this over to the United States without hesitation. Some private shipping interests may feel injured by the act of commandeering, but if it has been finally decided upon they will understand that it is regarded as imperative. The success of the Allied cause may turn upon the production of the 3,000,000 tons within the time allotted.

THE difference between an ample supply of aeroplanes and 100,000 aeroplanes is the difference between common-sense and a mouth-filling slogan. The immense utility of the aerial service for operations on land and sea is everywhere recognized, but when we call for 100,000 aeroplanes we are not so much calling for efficient prosecution of the war as attempting to dictate the strategy of the war. For obviously the creation of such an aerial host means diversion of energy and money from other pressing tasks. Amateur field-marshals are now winning the war by filling the skies with aircraft and bombing every yard of territory behind the German lines. Only a little while ago they were winning the war by turning out fleets of wooden ships. Simultaneously they were winning the war by landing a million American troops in France with the wave of a hand. It is the genius of the amateur strategist as against the manipulators of red-tape at Washington that he need not stop to coördinate food, men, ships, aeroplanes, but that whatever task he pounces upon he carries through regardless. Give him only lack of responsibility and he can accomplish anything. As responsibility accrues, the hard facts emerge. When Howard E. Coffin, of the National Defence Council, speaks of aeroplanes before the Senate Committee, we do not find tens of thousands of machines pouring out of the factories just like that. "We cannot jump into the thing and produce unlimited quantities in a few months. January ought to find us getting on very well."

THE Senate's passage of the Railroad Priority bill without a dissenting vote presaged its prompt enacting by the House, which has never been so ready as the upper body to see the dictatorship bogey in such measures. The bogey was exorcised in this instance by an amendment limiting the power of the President to give preferential passage to only "such traffic shipments of commodities as may be essential to the prosecution of the war"—the original draft having given him power over the shipment of any commodity. It is evident that food, coal, iron, lumber, and what not may all be deemed at times essential to conducting the war, and the Administration does not seem displeased by the amendment. The railways have been as eager for the measure as the Executive Departments. Such powers have long been exercised in England by the Government board which took over the railways. Here the Railroad War Board has made a few decisions on the priority of shipments, the most important affecting coal. But the problem is very complex, and as the amount of materials awaiting transport piles up beyond the capacity of the roads will grow still more difficult; hence it is essential that a powerful and expert body of four or five be set up to control it.

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HOW will our new food dictator, or, to use a title no doubt more welcome to his democratic temperament, food persuader, go about inducing American families to consume more corn-bread? Everybody admits without further argument that, if we are to have a surplus of wheat for our allies, we must stop eating our corn by indirection in the shape of pork and beefstake, and begin eating it, so to speak, right off the cob. Our difficulty in this connection is not that of Europe, which doesn't know how to prepare corn-bread, nor how to eat it when prepared. Johnny-cake, of the deep, seductive shade of a mandarin's yellow-jacket, and of a bouquet indescribably provocative, has always been considered one of America's rare delicacies. In fact, the difficulty is to be found right here, in this, our too tender regard for corn-bread as a luxury, like doughnuts, pumpkin pie, and brown betty. The American housewife must be persuaded that she is not wearing culinary diamonds at high-noon if she serves bread made of corn flour at all hours of the day and on all days of the week, hot or cold, with or without the garnishment of maple syrup and New Orleans molasses, although a regretful gourmet will be forced to admit that the omission of one or the other of these traditional adjuncts will be felt keenly—as keenly as would the appearance of country sausages without buckwheat cakes, and scallops without bacon.

THE proposal to exempt from the income tax gifts to charitable or educational institutions is a common-sense suggestion to keep going one of the essential parts of the machinery of our civilization. Professor Lindsay's statement of the case before the Senate Finance Committee should remove any doubt of the wisdom, not to say the urgency, of this provision. As he notes, much of the work for which gifts are made in this country is a charge against the Government in European countries. To impose a tax upon money so expended exactly as if it had been spent in pleasure or not spent at all, while permissible in ordinary times, is a short-sighted policy in times which compel more careful consideration of just how incomes shall be used. If people who are accustomed to contribute to worthy objects curtail their benevolences, the Government will have gained nothing, for it will have to spend many times the amount of the tax collected upon these portions of income in order to carry on the activities which they have formerly supported—it is impossible that these activities should be suspended.

NOTHING could give Ireland a more clinching proof of the sincerity of the Government than the release of all the Irish political prisoners. It is a step at once conciliatory and shrewd. It gratifies the public, shows that Lloyd George is really trying to win the heart of Ireland, and at the same time is a dash of cold water to the Sinn Feiners. They have been making great capital out of the fact of so many of their leaders being in jail. One of them they elected to Parliament, a couple of weeks ago, while he was still imprisoned. They were preparing to put up another political prisoner to contest the seat made vacant by the death in France of Major Redmond. But now their candidate has been set free, and they must feel that they are in sore peril of losing their chief grievance.

IN stating how the Irish Convention will be made up, Lloyd George declared that the Government's desire was to make it representative of the everyday life of Ireland. All the political parties are to name delegates; the churches and the chambers of commerce will have spokesmen; the county councils and the borough councils will send their chairmen. Much will depend upon the choice of members of the Convention made by the Government. It reserves the right to nominate 25—one-quarter of the whole. There will be ten Irish peers and fifteen men selected, the Prime Minister promised, "from among leading Irishmen of all sections." Their names will be closely scrutinized for evidence of the Government's good faith. The charge will be made, no doubt, that Lloyd George plans to "pack" the Convention. The best reply will be to nominate men who will neither pack nor allow packing. It has already been announced that Sir Horace Plunkett is one of the men to be nominated by the Government. The more of his type the better. It would really be suicidal folly for Lloyd George not to play fair with the Irish in this latest attempt to give Ireland self-government. And on the other hand, Irishmen in and out of the Convention are bound to play the part of lovers of their nation in seeking to grasp this great opportunity.

VON BISSING'S testament, just published by a Pan-German periodical, left comparatively little to be desired in frankness or thoroughgoing pessimism. He had little hope that Germany, after her Alsace-Lorraine fiasco, would ever succeed in reconciling the Belgians, and therefore advised his countrymen to hold Belgium as a conquered province against the new war upon which he seemed to have reckoned as inevitable. He himself was embittered, no doubt, by the uncompromising opposition he met with while Governor of Belgium, even at times when his intentions, as far as the Belgians were concerned, were of the best; and, consequently, he completely lost his sense of perspective in the face of constant and near-by irritations. Otherwise he could scarcely have advanced so impossible a programme. That any one should still believe in the efficacy of oppression, in a profit to one nation by the oppression of another, seems, after the Polish experiences of Germany and Russia, and the Slav experiences of Austria, almost inconceivable. Surely, the publication of von Bissing's testamentary "memorandum" must be viewed merely as the desperate last shot of a discredited though noisy political faction. Even the German Chancellor has admitted in theory that the principle of nationality will have to govern the deliberations of the final peace conference.

EXTRACTS from the latest pastoral letter of Cardinal Mercier have reached this country. They make it easy to understand why the German authorities endeavored to suppress it, and why German newspapers speak of it as a "climax of abuse." The undaunted prelate does, indeed, use great plainness of speech in describing the original crime against Belgium, and the atrocities committed upon the innocent inhabitants by German soldiers, when "they shot our priests and set fire to our open towns and defenceless villages." But his main purpose is to preach sound Catholic doctrine to those Catholic ecclesiastics in Germany who have been saying that the past must be forgiven and no feeling of vengeance cherished. Cardinal Mercier goes to St. Thomas Aquinas to prove that "the will to avenge evil, having respect to order and justice, is a virtuous action."

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It is a righteous anger against iniquity which still blazes in the hearts of Belgians, declares the Cardinal, and "their tears, their strength, their fortune, their blood does not seem to them too high a price for the triumph of their right and the guarantee of their independence." By this utterance the spiritual leader of the Belgians once more displays his intrepidity and the loftiness of his soul. In the face of armed might he asserts, with the English poet, "still clings the question, Will not God do right?"

"NATIONAL service all round" is the cry of those in Canada who are attempting to broaden Borden's conscription proposals so as to include wealth. The Hon. George P. Graham, who has moved that "in the opinion of this House it is desirable that steps be taken by the Government to provide that accumulated wealth should contribute immediately and effectively to the cost of the war," is Laurier's principal lieutenant. He represents Liberals willing to support conscription under certain conditions. It is also contended that if 100,000 more men are to be withdrawn from industry in Canada, the Government must see that the vital industries and munitions-making are steadied, and to this end must enroll for State-directed service all men between eighteen and sixty years. For the Government, Sir Thomas White has intimated that drastic levies upon wealth are under consideration.

THE Baroness de Brimont offers in the *Revue de Paris* figures for the number of women employed in England which she affirms she has verified by reference to official sources. No less than 420,000 are in the munitions factories; 210,000 are employed in connection with army and navy camps or establishments; 140,000 in stores; 120,000 in secretarial work; 111,000 in garment making; and 100,000 in transportation, or in metal shops not engaged in munitions making. Below the hundred-thousand mark the totals, beginning with nearly 90,000 engaged in agriculture, run down to 10,000 women engaged in the printing and binding trades. Not less than a million are engaged in war-work. Estimates made some time ago by writers like Mrs. Humphry Ward indicate that the Frenchwoman's computation is conservative. The Baroness, and a commentator in *L'Opinion*, point out that the participation of women in industry in France in consequence of the war is less extensive. Not only the totals show it; the breadth of the English movement is indicated by the unparalleled strength of organizations like the National Union of Women Workers and the Women Police, and its solidity by the more rational working basis—the week being shorter than in France, Sunday more inflexibly observed, and rest-periods more frequent.

DARTMOUTH'S admission of its faculty to a share in the appointment, promotion, and dismissal of its members does not come after a convulsion, such as those which preceded the recent reforms at Pennsylvania and Bryn Mawr, but it is nevertheless as radical a stroke as any yet made in the curbing of the power of college trustees. The faculty is to have only an advisory voice in changes, but since its coöperation is a formal part of the procedure, it will have the substance if not the show of power. More important as a guarantee of justice is the specific affirmation of the principle that election to a professorship or an associate professorship "should be considered as on the basis of permanency, rather than a term appointment." Teachers below these grades are to have the right of an investigation before dismissal, unless the president and the advisory committee are unanimously against it. Of even more promise for harmonious and wise administration is the institution of a standing conference committee of three members of the faculty and three trustees.

A GOVERNOR threatening to put a State university out of business for two years is more amusing than offensive when it is discovered that he defeated his purpose. Gov. Ferguson, of Texas, had a disagreement with the board of regents of the University. He demanded that some of them should resign and that the president of the University should do likewise. The regents refused to comply. Then he delivered an ultimatum: Unless his demands were obeyed, he would veto the maintenance bill for the institution. As the Legislature had adjourned, this was brandishing the headsman's axe. But the regents did not flinch, and the Governor carried out his threat. That is, he tried to. With his ready pen he went vetoing from page 1 of the University bill to page 24, ceasing only when he believed that he had killed every money-item in it. But the Attorney-General of the State had a look at the mangled pages, and noticed that only the separate items had been assailed. On page 27 are set out the totals of the appropriation. He holds, therefore, that the regents have not only the money the Governor sought to deny them, but in addition the unwonted privilege of spending it as they please!

Does the Nation Need to Be "Roused"?

IN advance of President Wilson's "Flag Day" speech there came intimations from Washington that his intent was to stir this country to an intenser interest in the war. Reports of apathy among the people were said to have disquieted the White House. No wave of excitement was sweeping the land. The war was alleged to be "unpopular"—not in the sense that it was condemned, but in that of not being accompanied by high enthusiasm everywhere. Odious comparisons were made with the ebullient spirit shown in 1898. And it was explained that, in view of all this, the President was to make a speech that would "thrill" the country and set everybody whooping and hurrahing.

We doubt very much if any thought of this kind was in the President's mind. Even if there had been, it is not his wont—it is not within his nature—to make fiery appeals to the passions of his countrymen. A cool, intellectual quality is the mark of most of his public utterances. He prefers to reason with his fellow-citizens rather than seek to inflame them. And this is certainly what he endeavored to do in his address on Thursday last. It is a long and much to be desired authoritative re-statement of the case against the German Government and military caste. Evidence of strong feeling lies close to the surface here and there; biting words are used; the President's pen halts not as it writes of German crimes and ambitions for world-domination; but there is no attempt so to play upon either fear or hate as to goad the nation into a fury. Mr. Wilson undoubtedly hoped that

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his speech would help to spread a clearer notion of the issues of the war, and to create a firmer determination to do all that is necessary to meet them, but he could not have expected—we think he would not have desired—his immediate hearers or the wider audience of his readers to burst into shouts of hysterical acclaim.

The reasons why the country has not gone mad over the war are plain to any discerning eye. No acute apprehension has existed, and there is not warrant for any. Our soil is in no danger of invasion. There has been here no such swift alarm as swept over France in August, 1914, in dread of the oncoming hosts. That is a sort of popular excitement which we have been spared and shall be free from till the end. It is a distant enemy, not a danger at our doors, that confronts the United States. And under these circumstances it was certain beforehand that nothing like a panic fear or wild rallying of forces would be seen in any part of the nation. Even the residents along our coasts have dwelt in assurance of safety. Why look to Americans to manifest emotions which they did not feel?

And in the matter of preparations for war, we have been schooled to take the business without needless excitement. If everything depended upon volunteers, we might have counted more upon stirring up sentiment, upon putting spurs to the patriotism of our young men. But that plan has been put aside in favor of one more mechanical and severely business-like. The people were, in fact, warned not to get excited or to rush into indiscriminate volunteering, but to wait quietly for the slow working out of a system which would yield as large an army as could be needed. When a nation is informed that everything in military preparation is being done that can be done, and this in the wisest and surest way, it is a trifle strange that anybody should be disappointed because the people are not making nervous wrecks of themselves in excitement over the war. Where stimulus and appeal were called for, as in the unusual matter of the $2,000,000,000 loan, they have been forthcoming, and there has been no lack of popular agitation, nor has there ever been doubt of the response; but in the larger question of preparing to do their share in the war, the American people have simply been doing as they were bid and keeping cool.

That it is better so, we believe that most reflecting citizens will agree. There is no occasion to ring alarm-bells in every city and hamlet. What is required is not overmastering excitement, but deep and steady resolve. It is true, no doubt, that in many sections of the United States the war is not "popular." For our part, we should wish it not to be in the sense intended. The highly popular war against Spain was not a very edifying spectacle—being too much like a giant beating a cripple. Sober Americans certainly would not desire to-day a display of the vainglorious spirit too often seen in 1898. This war is of a kind to solemnize, not to exhilarate. It is a tremendous work laid upon the people, one for which they may well brace their strength and steel their wills, but not one to evoke a frothy enthusiasm. And unless we grossly mistake the temper of the nation, it is going calmly about the task laid upon it, not with pleasure, not with exultation, but as men bent on doing a disagreeable duty with unyielding purpose. If that is true, it is far more a thing to rejoice in, far more ominous to the enemy, than would be any amount of yelling and flag-waving.

Clearing Skies in Russia

PESSIMISM cannot maintain itself against the news budget of a single week-end from Petrograd. Take the events of two days in their chronicled order. On Saturday the Council of Workers and Soldiers at Petrograd replies to the Teutonic invitations for an armistice with a declaration that revolutionary Russia is seeking a way to peace through an appeal to the Governments of its allies and an international Socialist conference; in the meanwhile, "let the army by its energy and courage give power to the voice of democracy." The same day the All-Russian Congress of Workers and Soldiers approves the expulsion by the Provisional Government of a Swiss Socialist who had made himself the agent for Germany's efforts towards a separate peace. Also on Saturday Petrograd holds its municipal elections, resulting in a Socialist victory, but showing also the existence of a powerful Constitutionalist minority. The same day Mr. Root makes his magnificent address before the members of the Provisional Government, of which the effect is certain to be a clearer understanding as between Russia and the United States. On Sunday the Duma in secret session votes for active resumption of hostilities. The same day the Provisional Government publishes its note to the Allies asking for a conference to reconsider existing treaties save the one which binds the Allies against a separate peace. A personal item, but significant in the extreme, is the announcement by Maxim Gorky, hitherto the mouthpiece of extreme radicalism, that he is to retire from politics to devote himself to constructive labor for the new Russia; and Gorky's analysis of what are Russia's needs to-day sounds throughout a note of statesmanlike understanding which the Allies and friends of Russia everywhere cannot but welcome.

Of Mr. Root's speech to the Council of Ministers it is hard to speak in qualified terms. It is one of the great documents of the war, admirable alike in conception, in temper, and in expression. The difficulties which Mr. Root had to take into account and which he surmounted were many. He had to avoid the impression that our Commissioners were in Russia to further our own interests rather than to express this nation's sympathy for the new Russia. He had to avoid the impression of any desire on our part to play the schoolmaster. He had to reckon with a controlling revolutionary element whose dogmas were as much social as political, and to whom ally and enemy therefore carried not quite the same meaning that these words hold to the "bourgeois" mind. He was speaking in a capital where anti-American demonstrations had been staged on the ground that America, as the most "capitalistic" of all modern nations, was inevitably inimical to the interests of Russia's social democracy. He had to counteract the personal difficulties which had been created for him both in Russia and in this country. His problem on a reduced scale was the problem which all the members of the Entente have to face in their relations with the new forces in Russia. This problem is to conciliate revolutionary Russia without cringing to it; to acknowledge new Russia's just claims without abandoning our own; to admit that the new Russia has the right to be herself without calling upon her allies to transform themselves into her image. Thus Mr. Root has led a more representative commission to Rus-

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sia than any commission could have been, if made up entirely of American Socialists.

Mr. Root met the situation wisely and manfully. He did not essay the rôle of pedagogue. Neither did he press the apologetic tone too heavily. Are there people in Russia who do not look upon American democracy as ideal? That may be. But, "with many shortcomings, many mistakes, many imperfections, we have maintained order and respect for law, individual freedom, and national independence." Thus in one sentence Mr. Root made concession to the criticism of the extremists and claimed for ourselves our just due. He recognized the wide difference in temper and outlook between this country and the prevailing tendencies in Russia: "Distant America knows little of the special conditions which must give form to the government and laws which you are about to create. As we have developed our institutions to serve the needs of our national character and life, we assume that you will develop your institutions to serve the needs of Russian character and life." Read this statement the other way about, and it still meets the need of the occasion. "As you are preparing to shape your Russian democracy in accordance with your own ideals, remember that something of an ideal or a principle lies behind our own institutions. We take you as you are. Take us as we are in the partnership for a great undertaking we are now engaged upon."

It was only the truth Mr. Root uttered when he told the Russian nation that we are now engaged in a war for Russia's freedom. It was not rhetoric when he said that the news of Russia's new-found freedom brought to America universal joy. It is true of America as a whole that, looking across the sea, "we see Russia as a whole, as one mighty, striving, aspiring democracy"; and this in spite of Socialist control at Petrograd or Socialist dogma about the international struggle between workers and capitalists. Life does not shape itself so simply as all that. The fact remains that "capitalist" America wishes well to Socialist Russia. And in their heart of hearts the revolutionary leaders know this to be so. In spite of our "plutocracy" and our Mooney cases, in spite of traditional French bourgeois animosity towards the proletariat, in spite of England's record in Ireland, the men now in control at Petrograd must remember from which countries the sympathy and aid have been forthcoming in their long struggle against Czarism. It was not in Germany that Russian refugees found their home, but in Switzerland, France, England, and America. It was not from Germany that intercession and financial help went forth for the Breshkovskys and the Tchaikovskys, but from the nations now engaged in war against Germany.

Constantine and Venizelos

THE deposed Greek monarch was a strong man. His conduct from the beginning of the war stands out in contrast to the lack of counsel and of resolution which marked Allied policy in the Balkans. His strength, to be sure, was largely of the old Turkish brand of innocent-eyed acquiescence and secret obstinacy, but he played the Hamidian game to perfection. Pro-German in sympathies from the first, yet precluded from taking an active part against the Allies, he contented himself with a policy of obstruction. Repeatedly the Allies formulated their Balkan plans on the assumption of Greek aid which was not forthcoming. There was vain expectation that a Greek army would participate in the Gallipoli undertaking. There must have been confidence in Entente circles that Greece would be faithful to her treaty arrangements with Servia. There certainly was profound disappointment when Constantine refused to back up Venizelos in the latter's acquiescence in the Allied landing at Salonica. In the face of persistent Allied complaisance, Constantine's actions grew more defiant. There is little doubt that Greek territory was used as a base for submarine operations; and the surrender of Greek forts and army divisions to the Bulgarians, the attack upon the French forces at Athens, and the reported guerrilla warfare in the rear of the Allied army made it evident what Constantine's "neutrality" really meant.

That Constantine should have been able to hold part of the Greek nation and the larger part of the Greek army in line against the Entente, contrary to the traditional sympathies of the Greek people, is explained by the blunders of Allied diplomacy. In their efforts to win over Bulgaria, the Allies held out to the Government at Sofia the possibility of territorial rearrangements in Greek and Servian Macedonia. The underlying idea was that ample compensation would be made to Servia and Greece in other directions. To Venizelos, the founder of New Greece, the surrender of a strip of territory on the Ægean coast in return for generous concessions in the Ægean Islands and Asia Minor was a very fair bargain. But Constantine succeeded in convincing a large section of the Greek people that the Allies were preparing to purchase the support of Bulgaria, the ancient enemy, at the expense of the Greek nation. The hatreds of the second Balkan war were still fresh. Later came the Teutonic advance into Russia, the subjugation of Servia, the crushing of Rumania, and the prestige of German arms reinforced the original argument. It was Constantine's professed purpose to spare his country the horrors that had overtaken its former Balkan allies. But that will not explain the King's attitude long before the might of German arms had been demonstrated in the Balkans, during the first months of campaigning when the Servian armies were winning their victories over Austria, or before Bulgaria had entered the war.

The forced retirement of Constantine has brought an end to an impossible military and political situation. The Allies have been living in "proper" diplomatic relations with an unfriendly Government. They have been officially on good terms with Constantine, while countenancing the revolutionary government of Venizelos at Salonica. At the same time, there has been no formal recognition of Venizelos. Nor does the replacement of Constantine by his younger son promise an end of the confusion, unless the change implies the return to power at Athens of Venizelos, or at least of a Venizelist Cabinet. The statement that the *coup d'état* at Athens was hastened by the fact that the harvesting of the new crop would enable Constantine to snap his fingers at the Allied blockade is not altogether convincing. Neither is there sufficient ground for believing that a military reason lies behind the Allied stroke. If Gen. Sarrail's army is expected to move forward against the armies of the Central Powers, there is little likelihood that Constantine would risk throwing his comparatively insignificant forces against the victorious Allies. If a Teutonic attack is expected, the Allies would hesitate to add to the bitter feeling in Greek royalist circles. It is difficult

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to think of the Greek army being turned against the Allies in case of disaster; for always the Entente forces would be in a position to inflict punishment upon Athens.

The reason for the change at Athens is rather to be sought in the political sphere. It links itself with peace possibilities in the Balkans. From Bulgaria there have come repeated hints of the moderate basis on which Sofia would be ready to discuss terms. Through the Bulgarian Minister at Berlin there have been approaches to the extreme peace elements in Russia. With Venizelos or Venizelist influences in control at Athens, the chances of an understanding with Bulgaria are brought nearer. The genius of Venizelos brought about the first Balkan League. He may yet be able to find a formula for conciliating rival ambitions in Macedonia. He is on record as willing to make concessions in Greek Macedonia in return for what the Allies are willing and able to give in the Ægean. The winning over of Bulgaria, or at least the strengthening of the peace idea in that country, would be a flank movement against Germany.

Posters and Slogans

NOW that the Liberty Loan is safe in port, it is not giving aid and comfort to the enemy to admit that most of the pictured and verbal advertising in behalf of the bonds has been exceedingly mediocre, from the point of view of æsthetics or effectiveness. A good many citizens will now be free to confess to a vast sense of irritation aroused by the wild-eyed female who shouted from the store windows, "YOU buy a bond lest I perish!" There was more of wrath than fear in the lady's orbs. With her halo askew and the minatory finger darting out at one as a person suddenly turned the corner, the text that flashed to the mind at once was, "What do *you* mean by coming home at this hour of the night in such condition?" There was about her not the least impression of impending demise as an alternative to your not buying. The intimation was rather that if you failed to come to the scratch, Mrs. Liberty would step right out of the window and make use of her concealed torch or her palladium or some such national weapon. A Liberty truly in distress would have been highly appealing. It speaks well for the patriotism and self-control of the manhood of the nation that the bonds should have been sold in spite of the picture.

The truth is that there has been more "punch" than poetry in our patriotic advertising, more "pep" than persuasion. By contrast with our irate bond-selling lady one thinks of the magnificent poster which the French Government used to advertise the Victory Loan. Like the whirling wheels of flame which Ezekiel saw in his dreams, the French artist drew a huge coin rolling forward like an avenging chariot upon the shrinking figure of the German infantryman with bayonet and helmet, and from the face of the flashing wheel the Gallic cock launched itself forward, striking at the invader's eyes. It was the difference between a trumpet call and an alarm clock.

Mrs. Liberty, with the accusing finger, was the perpetuation of an advertising formula which has long lost whatever force it may have had. These many years clean-cut and strong-jawed gentlemen have been stretching peremptory fingers out of magazine covers and fence hoardings and commanding us to register with a correspondence school or buy a Jacobean dining-room set on the club plan. A close relation is the forceful gentleman who smites his clenched right fist into the palm of his left hand and insists that you investigate the merits of his real-estate "proposition." By contrast with these dynamic manual artists one thinks with gratitude of the celebrated Munyon forefinger upraised to heaven. That, at least, pays you the compliment of arguing with you. The pointing finger merely tells you. Alas, young women in excessive décolleté are now pointing their fingers at us and commanding us to hurry up and see the Broadway Dawn Frolickers. After that, it is only anti-climax when Uncle Sam points his finger and says he wants you for his army. The trick has been weakened and vulgarized. The prevailing texts are too often like the pictures, striving for "zip" and attaining zero. They are over-crisp, excessively laconic, and wanting in effectiveness because lacking in spontaneity. They are too evidently the product of a mind which said, "Go to, I will invent a slogan that will make 'em sit up." We are now consciously engaged in devising battle-cries, whereas by definition battle-cries are not invented at all, but burst from the throat. Conscious patriotism, chafing under the necessity of borrowing "Do your bit" from the British, has deliberately set to work to find a substitute. One of our contemporaries has decided that Americans, instead of doing their bit, should more properly "come across." Another neighbor, after much canvassing, has voted for "Let's go." Now, there is nothing the matter with either of these slogans except that they have been made to order. If Mr. Roosevelt had uttered "Come across" in one of his speeches, or if President Wilson in his vernacular moments had appealed to us, "Let's go," it may very well be that the phrase would have caught the popular imagination.

More than all this, our slogan artificers put too much speed into their efforts. They are on the hunt for the electrifying phrase, whereas the successful slogan is often the insinuating phrase. Much better than "If you don't enlist, invest," is the simple exhortation, "Let your money fight for you." "Do your bit" was not manufactured for the occasion. It was a formula of every-day, ante-war life. The most successful advertising phrases of the past have not been hortatory, but gently winning. We were not commanded to sit up and bite a biscuit, but were persuaded that we really needed a biscuit. We were not coerced into using soap on the pain of dying from some microbe disease, but were shown the spotless inhabitants of a cleanly town, and won over to go and do likewise. We were not summoned to cleave space on the wings of the storm, but to travel comfortably with Phœbe. The manuals of advertising agree that successful salesmen do not back you into a corner, but take you confidentially by the top button.

But, above all, there must be spontaneity. It is not vigor that decides, though vigor counts. It is not simplicity, if the simple is palpably the artificial. Our most eminent producer of popular phrases is not afraid of being recondite if to him the phrase comes naturally. He has not been afraid to draw upon obsolescent Bunyan for his muckrakers, upon Gibbon for his logothetes, and upon the eighteenth century for his malefactors. We do not know whence the American slogan for the present war will come. It may come from the White House or from the vaudeville stage or from the common life. But it will be set in motion without forethought, it will make its way at first without public notice, and before we are aware we shall have it.

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The Avatar of the Hun

IN camp jargon of Tommies, in labels of cartoonists, in scare-heads of penny-sheets, metropolitan and colonial, in pleadings of war-orators to gaping cockneys, in versifyings of the convincingly "human boys" of Eden Phillpotts's story, and everywhere in colloquial give and take stalks frightfully "the Hun." Nor is this a mere tribal synonym, colorless and inaccurate, of "Teuton," as in Campbell's phrase, so dear to our boyhood, "furious Frank and fiery Hun," but a byword as connotative of barbarity and savagery as Alexandre's "Vandales" in his mettlesome "Chansons pour les Poilus." "Smash the Hun!" As who should say, "Ecrasez l'infame!" Yet only he who knows intimately the Hun of old tradition, grim Attila himself, in the dusty pages of the early historians, discriminating analysts of racial traits, Priscus and Jornandes, or in the lively chapters of that modern master, Thierry, can understandingly applaud the admirable aptness of the fifth-century name applied to the twentieth-century invader of Belgian Gaul and scourge of all the world. Altogether timely, then, are a few words anent Attila the Hun and his latest reincarnation.

"He is the tyrant of the world, aspiring to bend all people to his whim, making war without a quarrel, and thinking any crime allowed him, because his will is his only law. He measures his aims by the length of his arm, satisfying his pride by his lavish unrestraint. Without regard to law or equity, he conducts himself as everybody's enemy; and therefore richly deserves the odium attaching to the common foe of all men. He seeks his goal, too, by snares and intrigues." So spoke, through his emissaries, the Roman Emperor, soliciting Visigothic support against Attila. So, without the change of a single word, might any Entente statesman appeal for a powerful nation's aid against the modern Hun, scorner of everybody's rights, transgressor on neutral ground and despoiler of weaker neighbors, plotter within the gates of friendly powers and instigator of "holy wars," legitimizer of criminal outrages against all mankind, madman running amuck in the world. Nor does the parallel end here, but assumes a more personal significance. The historical portrait of the leader of the Hunnish hordes finds readily its present counterpart. "He conveys everywhere the impression of a man born to shake the earth and to terrify all peoples. His step is haughty and his glances imperious. All his words and acts are marked by an emphasis the effect of which is carefully calculated. He threatens in frightful terms and overthrows enemies rather for the sake of destruction than of pillage, leaving thousands of unburied corpses as a warning to the living." The man of destiny, the imperial port, the "high astounding terms," the frightfulness of deed, all survive in our "natural foe of liberty." "The Hun is faithless and inconstant, recognizing as little as an animal what is honest or dishonest." Here one pauses to recall the shattered treaties, dishonored pledges, violated safe-conducts, lying promises of the present-day Hun. And when the old historian adds that "his language is obscure, tortuous, and filled with metaphors," one remembers with a grim chuckle the amazing weeds of rhetoric that flourished along the labyrinthine ways of the most ill-conceived and ill-worded sophistry that ever discredited a national propaganda. Said Carlyle to Norton of the preparation of his "Frederick the Great": "It was good hard drudgery, siftin' mostly a monstrous accumulation o' lies. And o' all the nations, the German lies with most scrupulosity and detail." We understand now in the light of the Hunnish parallel.

This sinister parallel comprehends not only barbarous traits of past and present, but the very circumstance and setting of Hunnish crimes. In 451 A. D. Attila, seizing the pretext of a quarrel between two neighboring princes, decided to cross the Rhine and to invade Gaul. His diplomatic correspondence with the Roman Emperor, who sought to dissuade him, can be matched only by Germany's overtures to England in 1914. He urged the Roman not to interfere, quite as the modern Hun strove to seduce the English. "His quarrel was not with Rome, but with the Visigoths of Gaul, whose failure to observe faithfully their obligations was a perpetual menace and whose punishment therefore would redound to the good of the Roman Empire." At the same time he sought to lull the Visigothic king to a false security by chanting hate against the Roman alone. Meanwhile he was gathering his hosts, not only the Central Powers of that day, but the most hideous and ferocious representatives of Asia. Bulgarians, Hungarians, Turks (the very names!), treading on the heels of his soldiery, now made, as Thierry tells us, one step more towards Europe. "All the barbarian chiefs, with their eyes fixed upon Attila, awaited the least nod of his head, the slightest movement of his eyes; then they ran to take his orders and executed them without hesitation or protest." How does this differ from Hohenzollern mastery over attendant monarchs? Pillaging, desolating, setting villages aflame, the Hun passed into Gaul and Belgium, his vast army occupying the land in all its length from the Jura Mountains to the ocean. Like his later field-gray self, he pleaded suavely with cities and kingdoms for free entry or passage, but whether this was granted or denied him, he pressed onward, ever onward. To this overwhelming progress the Burgundians under their brave king, Gunther, worthy prototype of the Belgians under Albert, offered an opposition not altogether futile, as it saved precious time for the defenders of Gaul. Against the women, children, old men in their path, Attila's followers practiced cruelties rivalled only by the authenticated records of the Belgian Commission. Old, unhappy, far-off things seem strangely near, as we follow the track of that dreadful advance and mark uncanny coincidences with present horrors. From Metz Attila leads his forces to Rheims. More reverent in his early incarnation than in his later, the Hun spares the great Cathedral, but he makes martyrs then as now. The beautiful Eutropia, guilty only of protecting with a woman's weapons those dear to her, is murdered, leaving, like Edith Cavell, a saintly name to endure for ages. Laon and St. Quentin, storm-centres of to-day, are shattered by the earlier barbarians. Their curved helmets and scarred faces, persisting now in *pickelhaube* and *schmarre,* spread a terror that extends even to Paris, where the trembling inhabitants abandon hope so far as to make all preparations for a general exodus. But their guardian angel is kind, and the evil is turned aside.

Marching and counter-marching, the Hun is finally brought to bay by the Allies on the Mauriac plain. Upon

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examining the map, one is startled to find that this plain is near Méry, almost in the Marne region, only a few miles to the south of Châlons which has given its name to the battle—the very vicinage of the barbarian's discomfiture, when he returned to earth some fifteen centuries later. Facing without confidence the issue, Attila took the arrogant tone, which so often of late has abused our patience. On the eve of the battle the Hun addressed his soldiers, quite in his present fashion, bidding them despise "the heterogeneous concourse of their enemies [Feinde ringsum!], whose reliance upon foreign support is an infallible sign of fear." He professes his scorn of the (contemptible, little) army of the Romans, "weighed to earth even by the dust on their arms." "As Huns, give proof of your resolution and the strength of your weapons. Why should fortune [we are spared modern blasphemy] have made you conquerors of so many nations, if not to prepare you for the joys of this battle? This haphazard multitude cannot withstand for a moment the aspect of the Hun. I myself shall hurl the first javelin upon the enemy." That last burst of rampant egotism has the true, imperial ring. Fortunately for mankind, Attila's fears, not his vaunts, were confirmed on the morrow; and civilization, or what in that day passed as such, took the Hun by the throat and cast him out of Gaul, as it has throttled and thrown him back in his various recurrences, as Saracen at Tours, as Tartar at Bielawisch, as Turk at Lepanto, and, may we soon add, as Teuton on the Hindenburg line. There is a large measure of human comfort in the knowledge that the world has always proved too strong for the Hun.

Thus far the parallel between early Hun and late holds at every point. Now let it be frankly admitted that to press this farther would be grossly unfair to the Teuton and his Nietzschean philosophy of efficiency. The ruthlessness of the Scourge of God had its pitiful lapses from the master morality *(Herrenmoral)* of the Superman. The old historian tells us that "Attila was gentle to the submissive, clement to supplicants, generous to servants, considerate to subjects." All this, of course, is a flagrant breach of the modern Hun's gospel of hardness, which helps the weak and inoffensive by aiding them with true Dionysian charity to go to the wall, or to the bottom (if they are lying wounded and helpless on hospital ships). The "will to power" was strong in the older Barbarian, but, unhappily for its full fruition, he had not learned, as in his later manifestation, to be always the immoralist, the merciless machine. In wretched contrast to the rigid consistency of a von Bissing, recently gone to his mathematically fearful reckoning, Attila grants freely the petitions of more than one father of the church pleading for their flocks. How much more availing the intercessions of Lupus and Leo than those of Cardinal Mercier and the Vatican! Such pliancy is sheer weakness, of course! The true masters recognize no law but their own advantage. Many years before this war the high prophet of aristocratic individualism reminded us who were groping on the low levels of the so-called slave-morality *(Sklavenmoral)* of quiet conformity to international obligations: "Against the stranger everything done is lawful—outrage, murder, pillage, torture; against him the nobles once more become magnificent beasts to prey; and they return from their sanguinary freaks in a joyful mood, their consciences at peace, fully convinced that they have carried out a glorious exploit worthy to be sung by the poets." Ignobly susceptible to the meanly conventional appeals of pity, gentleness, benevolence, we, the despised, listen all agape to Nietzsche's splendid tribute in his "Genealogy of Morals" to "the audacity of the noble races . . . their indifference to and contempt for security, life, and happiness, their ineffable serenity of soul, their profound delight in destruction, victory, and cruelty." The old Hun, confessing a few of our human weaknesses of heart, which bar the way of true mastery, is intelligible to our abject minds until his present tremendous manifestation of frightfulness unashamed and unalloyed.

Nor is this manifestation in any way accidental. By the Zarathustrian law of Eternal Return (whatever may be the meaning of that abominable fustian), Attila has come to live and reign among the people who for centuries have honored him in song and story. The Hun, condemned and rejected by those "blonde beasts," the Saxons and Scandinavians, as a monstrous exponent of barefaced power, has been accepted and enthroned by the Central and Southern Germans in their national epos. The "Nibelungen-Lied" glorifies Attila as an ideal king who kept out of war for a number of years (like the present "prince of peace" candidate for the Nobel Prize), environed though he was by his ruthless Recken or Junkers. From their valiant deeds he derives large lustre, but for their fatally cruel blunders he must not be blamed—this reasoning is still painfully familiar. Admit that he massacred within his own gates close kinsmen relying upon his safe conduct, he is shielded from all reproach by the yet serviceable device of shifting the responsibility to his victims. In his present avatar the Hun vaunts with all the old persistence his traditional superhumanity and immunity.

Thus the Hun again lives and rules along the Rhine and the Danube, dominant, imperial, but not, we hope, irresistible. It cannot be that everywhere, even in that German land of "blood and iron," his ideal is cherished and exalted. So to say would indeed be to "bring an indictment against a whole people." What of that happy company of folk, with whom one watched the incoming of spring on a Thuringian hillside, all eyes fixed on the old Wartburg in the joy of its young green, all ears ringing with the echoes of the rapturous May lyric in "Tannhäuser"—such comfortable *bürgerliche Leute?* Has the darkening shadow of the Hun fallen across those kindly hearts flooded with song and sentiment? And what of that learned band of pundits who held high feast at Weimar on Shakespeare's birthday, and alternately laughed and wept, as loudly as only German professors can, over the pranks of Autolycus and the woes of Hermione? These men loved England and English thoughts and speech. Did all of them subscribe, I wonder, to the Hunnish policy of frightfulness? And where now are those high-bred boys of the Berlin days, corps-brethren of *Rhenania,* so courteous and cordial to their foreign guest at many a Kneipe and Mensur? Some of them, I remember, had gentle, girlish faces, marred, of course, by a scar or two. Are all these gallant youngsters leaders of Hunnish legions, burning, pillaging, ravishing in the cause of the Superman? If all this sunshine of spirit, in which some of us once delighted, has been turned to midnight blackness or, at best, to deceptive twilight, then the havoc that the Hun, in his latest incarnation, has wrought among the bodies and belongings of men everywhere is far less pitiful than the hell-gloom into which he has plunged the souls of his chosen people.

FREDERICK TUPPER

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The Recent Crisis in Spanish Neutrality

"THE broken thread in the European history of Spain has not been resumed," a harsh critic declared not long since. The Spanish have never forgiven Dumas père for saying "With the Pyrenees begins Africa." But those of us who go southward to Spain to-day cannot but feel that with the Pyrenees ends the Continent. Three years of war, even in Biarritz, with all its sans-gêne, changes something in the temper of the people. In Spain, we feel a certain absence of tension, hear louder laughter, and are struck by the multiplicity of color, and that people, even now, whitewash their buildings. If we talk with the people, we find that they have forgotten, between wars, the few words of their military vocabulary, and that this war seems very far off. They speak of it anxiously as something which, if nearer, would interfere with "fiestas" and "corridas." These miscellaneous first impressions return on later visits and frequently give a clue to seemingly inexplicable contradictions.

Parliamentary practice and the absence of popular control in Spain are much closer to the dramatic days of "pronunciamentos" than to the corresponding parliamentary institutions in either France or England. Abrupt interpellations and explosions in the House do not necessarily precede the resignation of the Cabinet. When a Spanish Premier finally decides to withdraw—if others do not decide for him—he opens tenebrous negotiations with the Leader of the Opposition. At the proper moment the press spreads mysterious rumors, and chance may have it that there are strikes or local riots. Abruptly the press announces the change, the old Cabinet goes out, while the new, already formed, steps in. Then the people are confronted with a fait-accompli. Count Romanones respected these small conventions when he withdrew from the Premiership, the latter part of April. There were the mysterious rumors, answered by his equally vigorous denials (these also for the sake of form), and finally the startling news of the fall of the Cabinet appeared together with the names of the new Ministry. Romanones, in his published resignation to the King, justified his act in the light of the recent dangers without, menaces which might have obliged him to modify his policy of scrupulous neutrality. In the face of the opposition of many of his party, and in disaccord with public opinion, he did not feel warranted in following this new path. The Spanish are usually inclined to take these formal declarations as pretexts, and to look for the real reason elsewhere. But in the light of the new submarine warfare, and the anxiety which followed, it is probable that Romanones gave a real reason for passing on the power to an out-and-out neutral, Garcia Priéto.

Romanones, despite his policy, has never been a fervent neutral. His antagonists had never forgiven an article in the *Diario*, entitled "Neutralities Which Kill," known to have been written or inspired by him in 1915, before returning to power. In this same line of thought, he exclaimed to me in the early part of the winter, when talking of the possibility of unity of action among neutrals: "This is easy to imagine, but difficult to realize. Every neutral has particular interests which draw it towards one or another of the belligerents. At bottom, there are no neutrals."

The crisis of April was precipitated by a difference in the Cabinet over a note to Germany in protest against the sinking of the San Fulgencio. Romanones is supposed to have wanted vigorous action, while others advised greater caution. The fact that Birrell and Alba have again taken portfolios, this time in the all-neutral Cabinet, indicates the probable line of cleavage.

This protest, which Romanones sent by diplomatic valise to Berlin on the eve of his demission, suggests in its wording a possible modification made by Priéto, the new Premier, before it reached its destination. He could easily have done this by telegraph. The first part of the note is comprehensible. It contains a protest against this latest German violation of international law and reaffirms the imperious duty of the Spanish Government to protect Spanish lives. But the conclusion shows signs of modifications by Priéto. It plaintively reproaches Germany for not recognizing this "oft-reiterated right by a country which feels no cooling in her friendship, nor weakening in her determination to remain neutral."

Could any appeal be less likely to stop torpedoes? Even traditional Spanish courtesy cannot cover such an anti-climax. But Priéto, to all indications, will keep Spain neutral "e'en tho' the heavens fall." His credo, shortly after taking office, makes further comment superfluous: "I am to-day the same man I was yesterday, and that I have always been. . . . My ideas as to what should be the policy of my country have never varied."

If Spain could enclose herself with Himalayas, like Tibet, and could then find a way to grow wheat on a granite pile, her problem would be solved. But Spain is on the European continent, and as a "Halbinsel" is so nearly an island that her dependence on the sea is absolute. Without American wheat people will starve, and without British coal factories are shutting down. Her shipping problem with the new submarine warfare becomes more and more serious. Spain has already lost more than 14 per cent. of her tonnage, thirty-four ships, and looks ahead with anxiety to the day when she may have to become entirely self-sufficing. Neutrality in such conditions would appear to have scant charm.

Maura, the former Conservative Premier, declared to the applause of 20,000 admirers in the Plaza de Toros that the resolution of Spain not to enter the war was a determination which preceded all others. Señor Cambion, President of the Council of State, makes neutrality an Eleventh Commandment: "I cannot conceive of a Spaniard so malicious or so mad as even to think of breaking our sacred and intangible neutrality. Such a Government would commit a treason to the state to which I would never be an accomplice directly or indirectly." Even the King, at the opening of the recent Scientific Congress of Seville, paid homage to this neutrality: "Thus Spain is carrying on the cult of Science, while other countries are playing their part in the great tragedy."

The question whether glorified neutrality would justify Spain in remaining neutral at any price was clearly posed when a succession of Spanish-American states followed the example of the United States and severed diplomatic relations with Germany. The entry of Cuba brought the war still closer home to the Spanish people. It would be necessary to understand the deep sentiment the Spanish still feel for the Spanish-Americans to appreciate the emotion this news created. Immediately the moral issue came to

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the level of the many economic problems Spain will have to solve in the near future. The sentiment of the Spanish for their former colonies is much the feeling of secret pride that a mother has for a wayward son who achieves success. They have the proud consciousness that Spanish is their common language, and that Spain has remained their "Spiritual Home." Among the people, this feeling is even stronger than in other classes. I recall recently in Madrid a welcome performance given to a Spanish dancer returned from a transatlantic tour. She sang of her triumphs in all of the South American capitals—"homage which she now laid at the feet of mother Spain." The audience were carried off their feet with enthusiasm.

Would Spain sever her last ties and see her old colonies rotate in the orbit of the United States? The operation would be a painful one, and many Spanish who do not belong to the "timidos," the "generation of '98," have reacted against this possibility. Lerroux, the radical Republican leader of Barcelona, regrets that his country has "lost the opportunity to come out of her lethargy and put herself at the head of the nations of Spanish origin." He sees the state as a "ship without a rudder, washed about in a storm, where the statesmen at the helm can only trust to fate to keep her off the rocks. Nothing has been thought out, no preparation made for such a critical period by the King, the Ministers, or the Cortes." Señor Cambo, leader of the Regionalists, makes the same reproach and concludes that, even without the handicap of war, the Spanish Government "no hace nada ni para mañana ni para hoy." This pessimism is that of two small minority leaders, but it is none the less symptomatic of the anxiety among certain thinkers at the lack of direction in their Government.

Spanish neutrality—different from that in Switzerland, where the complexity of ties to all the belligerent neighbors would make war fratricidal and possibly disrupt the country—is based on the detachment from most of the immediate interests of the war. When Italy declared her neutrality and later joined the Allies the danger that the Mediterranean would become a dominant war zone, where Spain would find her hand forced for one or the other of the belligerents, was minimized. Neutrality in these circumstances was not only legitimate, but the normal course to follow.

That three years of peace have been for Spain a period of relative prosperity and that the country has nothing materially to gain and much to lose by going to war, none will deny. Were the Peninsula to enter for one group of belligerents or the other she would probably be no better fed and no more likely to receive Mediterranean concessions than if she stayed out.

This is the reasoning of most of the Spanish "Neutralisti." But submarine warfare and increasing difficulties in transportation have considerably modified the original detachment of the country from the great issues of the war. Neutrality at any price involves a serious moral issue. By raising it to so high a pinnacle, the Spanish would seem to forget that neutrality is a means and not an end, and that by eulogizing it in the face of loss of life and property, they pay homage to indifference. Spain has need of a long period of material prosperity, but also has need of a moral regeneration which many most concerned with this future do not see in the path she at present chooses to follow.

SANFORD GRIFFITH

Madrid, May 14

Correspondence

AGES IN THE CIVIL WAR

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of May 31 is a note from Horatio S. White stating on the authority of Charles P. King that there were in the Civil War eight hundred thousand Union soldiers less than eighteen years of age. More than six years ago I heard an army officer of high rank using similar figures, and not being able to get his source of information I applied to the War Department and received the following reply from Gen. F. A. Ainsworth, adjutant-general:

> A tabulation falsely claiming to set forth what the records in the office of the Adjutant-General of the army show with regard to the ages of soldiers at enlistment during the Civil War appeared in the public press about six years ago. The data in the accompanying table were evidently obtained from that baseless and misleading tabulation.
>
> The fact that no compilation showing the ages at which men serving in the Civil War entered the service has ever been made by the War Department, which is the only Department that has the records from which a reliable compilation of such statistics can be made, should be sufficient to show that figures such as those given in the accompanying table have no official basis and are entitled to no credit whatever.

You will note that Gen. Ainsworth unqualifiedly condemns such statistics, declaring that no such compilation has ever been made by the War Department, which alone has records.

C. MERIWETHER

Washington, D. C., June 11

SENTIMENT IN THE WEST

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The article on "Pacifism in the Middle West," by Mr. Philo M. Buck, jr., reminds one forcibly of Lowell's timely and vigorous exhortation, "For God's sake, Godkin, don't be omniscient." The Olympian detachment and calm and conscious superiority with which Mr. Buck classifies the unclassifiable and unhesitatingly sets down as uniform the varying sentiment of the Middle West, and generally damns the Middle West for bucolic inaccessibility to ideas, would be annoying if it were not amusing.

Sentiment in the Middle West is as variant as in the East. Middle Westerners are but Easterners "once removed," and in most cases the "removal" has made not for such narrowness of vision and logical incapacity as Mr. Buck attributes generally to the Middle Westerners.

Underlying Mr. Buck's article are two fundamental misconceptions: first, that the Middle West needed to be educated up to the Eastern standard of ideal patriotism and, secondly, that it is the Middle West and not the character and extent of the war which has changed. The East has been swayed by a more or less hysterical fear of invasion and devastation by the Hun. Possibly because it was less affected by immediate interest than the East, the Middle West saw perhaps more clearly than the East did that the war in its origin and outset was entirely a European quarrel with which, by both tradition and logic, we had no active concern. The Central Powers planned a Balkan bonfire, under cover of which they hoped to loot their neighbor's goods. Unwittingly and contrary to their intention, they kindled a world conflagration.

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The West and Middle West, sooner even than the East, saw when it was no longer a question of European balance of power—of stealing a neighbor's vineyard, but a war to the death between militarism, barbarism, and frightfulness on one side, and on the other, government of the people, by the people, and for the people, and not only did they sooner than the East grasp the later significance of the struggle, but they have responded more promptly and generously than the East to the demand for men.

In this matter there should be no East, no West, no Middle West, but one country, united and determined, that government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth, and this unity is not aided by a supercilious assumption that one section has a monopoly of vision and insight and idealism, and is called upon to exhort and instruct another section to think straight and widely—and cultivate ideas and ideals along with their corn crops.

CHARLES W. HAINES

Colorado Springs, May 22

PROF. JOHN WILLIAMS WHITE

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The late John Williams White was a man of gifts so manifold, and his life was so rich in achievement in many fields of activity, that perhaps it is not surprising that some of his greatest qualities, and especially those which are best known to the fraternity of scholars, have received less emphasis in the published notices concerning him than those which made his name familiar to thousands of his countrymen. A nature so many-sided is not easy to appraise in a few paragraphs. Those who have written of him in the columns of the *Nation* have thought of him chiefly as the inspiring teacher, the author and editor of a large number of admirable educational books, and the man of commanding influence at Harvard and in the educational world at large. He was indeed all these things. But the remarkable fact of his career is that, in addition to winning an enduring place in the annals of American education, he achieved equal or even greater distinction outside the field of education, in the first place as an administrator of extraordinary ability, and then, to crown a singularly fruitful life, as a productive scholar of the first magnitude.

Among the institutions, apart from Harvard University itself, which will always bear the impress of his creative energy and talent for organization, are the American School of Classical Studies at Athens—an enterprise which has abundantly justified the faith of its founders by its eminent services to education in America and to pure scholarship—and the Archæological Institute of America, which became a national institution under his able management during the five years of his presidency. In more recent years he threw himself, with characteristic energy and enthusiasm, into the work of organizing the Loeb Classical Library, an undertaking which owes its inception to the love of the classical literatures and the desire that men in all walks of life should know and profit by them, which the great teacher years ago inspired in one of his pupils.

These various undertakings, together with the heavy administrative duties which fell to him as a member of the Harvard faculty, absorbed the leisure of many of his best years. Most men would have succumbed to the pressure and have been lost to scholarship. But though his studies were interrupted, they were never put aside. He had planned a scholarly career in early youth, prized the scholar's satisfactions above all others, and was not to be lured away from his purpose. At an age when most men of his talent for management would have been drafted into a deanship or a presidency, he freed himself from administrative entanglements, declined all calls to executive positions, and began to devote himself exclusively to his chosen fields of study. It was in the year in which he had "gained his freedom," as he himself described the turning-point in his career, that I first met him; and, though that was twenty-four years ago, I still vividly recall the eagerness, the ardor, the joy, with which he entered afresh upon the studies which were from that time forward to yield him the greatest inner satisfaction and to bring him the highest rewards of recognition. We can now see that he placed a true estimate upon himself, and that he followed the wise course in steadily curtailing his hours of formal instruction until he claimed the whole of his time for himself.

It seems to have been an instinct of his nature to plan largely for years ahead. The studies which he was pursuing at the time of his death, with the zest and vigor of a young man, but the trained veteran's facility and power, were, in all essential details, those which he had sketched to me in Athens in 1893. He planned with singular clarity and breadth of vision, and worked persistently and systematically towards his goal. And yet there was no hurrying into print, no compromising with his own exacting ideals of thoroughness and accuracy. His publications represented his mature convictions, reached after exhaustive study, and in consequence carried a quality of authority and finality such as only great scholars achieve. His writings are also characterized by a perfection of form that reveals the orderly mind that conceived them, and by a style of rare distinction and charm. A spirit of Hellenic serenity combined with Roman urbanity pervades them. This is especially true of the two notable books with which his career was brought to an untimely close, "The Verse of Greek Comedy" and "The Scholia on the Aves of Aristophanes." The long Introduction to the latter is a brilliant piece of constructive writing which reveals Professor White at his best; and the Introduction and the book together worthily carry on the highest traditions of classical scholarship.

These two books, published in 1912 and 1914, were to have been followed by a comprehensive edition of the eleven comedies of Aristophanes, which was to have given a new recension of the text, a complete critical apparatus, a translation, and a commentary. Several volumes were approaching completion at the time of Professor White's death. Only those who know the wealth of material which had been collected for this work and have been privileged to read portions of the translation and commentary can realize what the world of scholarship and of letters has lost. His knowledge of the manuscripts of Aristophanes has never been approached. He knew the poet as no modern has known him. They were congenial spirits; his sympathy with the poet in all his moods was like that of Jebb with Sophocles. And the edition would have ranked with the masterpieces of interpretation.

But the world of scholars, deeply as it regrets that White's Aristophanes will never see the light, did not need the great edition in order to be able to appraise the quality of his learning. The marvel is that he accomplished so much.

Princeton University, June 10

EDWARD CAPPS

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BOOKS

An Encyclopaedist on the Rampage

Misinforming a Nation. By Willard Huntington Wright, New York: B. W. Huebsch. $1.25 net.

NOTHING is easier than to pick flaws in encyclopædias. The best of them contain errors and incongruities galore, and all are guilty of omissions. America, in particular, has fared badly at the hands of even the most famous of European encyclopædias. The "Jubiläums-Ausgabe" of Brockhaus (1902) had not yet found room for John Marshall, and Mount Vernon, N. Y., was given as "the residence and burial place of George Washington." The Nouveau Larousse has "J. Wilkes" as the assassin of Lincoln and speaks of Gen. Grant as successor in command to "Roxoram" (for Rosecrans). Lack of proportion, that besetting sin of all encyclopædic works, was perhaps never more conspicuously shown than in the preface to Gubernatis's "Dizionario Biografico," where the editor found it necessary to devote to his own autobiography twenty-five pages; that is to say, ten times as much space as is given in the body of the work to the combined lives of Darwin, Gladstone, Victor Hugo, and Tolstoi. And yet Brockhaus, Larousse, and Gubernatis are all indispensable works of reference.

Not so the Encyclopædia Britannica—if Willard Huntington Wright is to be the judge. That work, with its "venom," its "petty, contemptible attacks" on whatever "does not happen to coincide with English ways of thinking," in short, as he neatly puts it, with its "Presbyterian Complex," is the foe of true enlightenment and, above all, the insidious enemy of these United States. If accepted unquestioningly throughout the country, the Britannica, according to Mr. Wright, would "retard our intellectual development fully twenty years." In justification of this indictment he has drawn up a list of two hundred omissions, good, bad, and indifferent (lucky the encyclopædia that has no more to its debit!), for which nearly the whole field of human endeavor has been ransacked. The other cardinal sins of the Britannica are set forth in two hundred pages full of unsparing condemnation of British narrowness in all encyclopædic matters—moral, literary, æsthetic, and scientific.

The author's method may be briefly described as the strict application of the inch-rule in literary criticism. He measures and collates, with exasperating minuteness, article for article, column by column, inch by inch, often line for line. Gorky is his favorite touchstone in literature. Ill fares the man that has more space than he. We read: "Anthony Hope has almost an equal amount of space with Turgueniev, nearly twice as much as Gorky." "The evangelical *motif* enters more strongly in the biography of George Macdonald, who draws (*sic*) about equal space with Gorky, Huysmans, and Barrès." To Samuel Warren "three-fourths of a column is allotted (more space than is given to Bret Harte, Lafcadio Hearn, or Gorky)." Gorky receives, we finally learn, "little over half a column, one-third of the space given Kipling, and equal space with Ouida and Gilbert Parker." This insistence on Gorky as a standard of values gives us a clue to Mr. Wright's general preferences in literature, but he has his likes and dislikes in science, philosophy, art, and music as well, as may be gathered from the following bits of criticism, direct or implied: "Isaac Newton receives no less than nineteen columns filled with specific and unstinted praise"; "Hume receives over fourteen columns, with inset headings"; "Adam Smith has nearly nine columns, five and a half of which are devoted to a detailed consideration of his 'Wealth of Nations'"; "Montesquieu is given five columns with liberal praise—both space and eulogy being beyond his deserts." The biography of Ingres, we hear, "draws only a little over half the space which is given to Watts (with his 'grave, moral purpose'), and only a trifle more space than is given Millais, the pre-Raphaelite who was 'devoted to his family.'" And "what of Brahms, one of the three great composers of the world? Incredible as it may seem, he is given a biography even shorter than that of Sir Arthur Sullivan!" And again, "Incredible as it may seem, there is no biography of Freud, a man who has revolutionized modern psychology and philosophic determinism." There are other startling omissions, like those of Luise Mühlbach, George Sylvester Viereck and, more incredible still, that of Clara Viebig—one of the moderns who "have carried the German novel to extraordinary heights."

Mr. Wright gives us an impressive object-lesson in literary perspective by devoting four pages—of the fourteen assigned to "Invention, Photography, Æsthetics"—to the enormity of omitting "the towering figure in American photography as well as one of the foremost figures in the world's photography." It is scarcely necessary to mention a name that will spring spontaneously to the lips of every American man, woman, and child. And since religion is the most important topic with which any encyclopædia can deal, Mr. Wright unflinchingly gives up eighteen pages of his space to a reprint of an old article of Father Campbell, S.J., in the *Catholic Mind*, showing the "rancor and ignorance" of the Britannica in dealing with all Catholic matters. Thus are its pages torn to tatters by this fearless critic.

Society and Crime

The Offender and His Relations to Law and Society. By Burdette G. Lewis. New York: Harper & Brothers. $2 net.

THE great merit of this book is the humanity and intimacy, the familiarity of detail and truthfulness, with which it treats of four complicated aspects of society's dealing with the wrongdoer: the trial of suspected criminals by courts, the classification of proved criminals, the questions of probation, parole, and the indeterminate sentence, and the organization, procedure, and discipline of prisons and other correctional institutions. In the hands of most sociologists these subjects are flat, stale, and profitable only in a qualified way and for those who can wade through much abstract generalization. Mr. Lewis, as Commissioner of Correction in the world's largest city, has been able to clothe the dry bones of sociological discussion with pertinent examples and interesting observed facts; and he has a guide through the pitfalls of theorizing in his practical acquaintance with the exceptions to rules and conclusions. His book does not halt with its discussion of these four topics, there being a second portion which treats of The Prevention of Crime. But the merits which rise from

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fresh, first-hand experience are in this portion evident only in his chapter on police methods and police achievement in New York. He treats of the fundamental social forces, the home, school, church, recreation, and healthful living as deterrents to crime, much as others have dealt with them.

Attention is first paid to the courts, of the faultiness of whose work Mr. Lewis is quite aware. "Playing upon the eccentricities of the trial judge," he writes, "has become a sport or game little less exciting than the planning and committing of crimes." He points out as the foremost fault of the criminal courts their disregard of uniformity in imposing sentences. One judge is widely dreaded for his flinty heart; another is declared to be surely susceptible to "the soft stuff" if it is adroitly used; a third is known to be possessed of a paternal interest in criminals, and a fourth is feared because he likes to increase the teachers' pension fund by heavy fines. Recent investigations of the Magistrates' Court of New York city have shown that lawyers carefully study the judge, and that some will even induce criminals to jump bail when a miniature Jeffreys is sitting in order that they may be surrendered when a more lenient magistrate is in charge. The law itself makes it difficult always to do exact justice, for the man who steals $50 is not really guiltier than the one who steals $49.50, yet he is sentenced for grand, the other for petit larceny; the man caught picking a door is not more guilty than the man caught packing the silver up within, but he is treated as if he were; the crime of rape is seldom less heinous because the offender makes a mistake of a year in the age of the victim, but the law may regard it as such. Circumstances may assist these inequalities in the dispensation of justice. Thus in the last three summers in New York city the crowding of the Tombs has forced the criminal courts to hold belated or extra sessions at which pleas of guilty were accepted in veritable batches—that is, some serious offenders were allowed to plead guilty to trivial offences and receive a light penalty. Imperfect records of identification offer a lane through which many a criminal walks to safety, and Commissioner Lewis berates those falsely sentimental citizens who inveigh against finger-printing as if it were equivalent to branding a man's back. For the improvement of the courts he makes three main suggestions: that the dignity of the lower criminal courts be increased, and more capable judges, better able to attain uniformity in the treatment of criminals, be chosen; that the city refuse to countenance any congestion of calendars and prisons; and that the courts be furnished with authentic information concerning the exact identity of each criminal awaiting sentence, his family history and past and present environment, his mental and physical condition, his attitude towards society, and any special circumstances calling for leniency or severity.

The treatment of prisoners after they receive sentence is, as all criminologists agree, to be determined only after a careful classification; and as to the nature of this classification, which he would have carried much further than it now is, Mr. Lewis offers some interesting suggestions. He does not think highly of the adequacy of the three questions upon which nearly all classification is now based: What is the age of the prisoner? What is his physical condition? What is his mental condition? His own principal classification is apparently designed, however, as a supplement and corrective rather than as a substitute. He divides criminals into (a) the class of casual and environmental offenders, (b) the class of constitutional or habitual offenders, and (c) the symptomatic offenders. A large number of the first class are furnished by those who commit crimes to carry them through a crisis, as a banker who allows the reserves of his bank to fall below the legal limit, the storekeeper who, under pressure for money, commits arson; a large number are furnished by children and youths who commit crimes because in their surroundings the play-instinct can be satisfied only through delinquency. The constitutional offender is of the type known as the black sheep of a family, and his marked characteristic is a low will power, incapable of resisting suggestion. Most tramps, criminals, prostitutes, alcoholics, and drug-fiends are of this class. The symptomatic offenders are the group of those suffering from some well-defined mental or nervous disease, and include degenerates and perverts; it is in their case that society has been most unjust and short-sighted. Mr. Lewis points out that probation and parole are a veritable door of hope to the well-equipped man who has committed a "casual" crime and to the environmental offender in general, but that it is likely to be a curse to the constitutional or habitual offender and certain to be one to the symptomatic criminal. He refers to the typical case of a youth who was arrested and jailed a half-dozen times within ten years on charges of increasing gravity, until he was happily brought to the attention of doctors, who reported him constitutionally inferior and incapable of holding unsupervised a useful place in society, and who stopped the paroling he had received.

It is as difficult to apply such a classification as Commissioner Lewis suggests as it is easy to classify prisoners according to age, physical condition, and mental ability; for there is naturally a twilight zone between the environmental offender and habitual offender, and the habitual offender and the symptomatic offender. It is conceivable that a prisoner of low will power may be forced by his environment into a course of crime which brings about a nervous deterioration in which he becomes temporarily a symptomatic offender, and in his case exact classification would be impossible. And in a city where 150,000 persons are arrested annually, how bring to bear the complicated machinery necessary for a highly exact classification? Yet Commissioner Lewis is correct in believing that a superficial examination is worthless, and that an attempt at real penetration is imperative. In New York city, at the present time, a reorganized psychopathic laboratory connected with the Police Department has found it possible during its first year, working experimentally within a single district, merely to give a hasty questioning to all offenders and to select for detailed examination those cases which seem most suggestive. The work of such a laboratory must be extended, must be supplemented by that of experts in environment and the other factors concerned in crime, and must be reinforced before a convicted criminal is sent to jail. Probation officers, again, should certainly have expert knowledge of medicine and psychology, as well as infinite common-sense.

Commissioner Lewis appears as an ardent defender of the probation and parole system, in application to those who it is determined will profit by it, as well as of the indeterminate sentence; and as both have been under fire in New York State his chapters upon them have a controversial tinge. There is no need to follow the arguments which

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he presents, for they are familiar to students of the subject, and have long ago been adjudged unanswerable. He emphasizes the fact that a criminal on probation or parole is still being punished; the measure of punishment depending upon the tests imposed upon him and the nature and degree of supervision provided. It is seldom possible for him to reside and work long in one locality without several or many people becoming aware that he is on probation and parole, and their knowledge irks whatever sensitiveness he may possess. A progressive judge recently declared in New York of a young hotel thief: "Such a man ought to receive some punishment. I therefore will not place him on probation, but will commit him to an institution, where I hope he will be kept at least six months"; while about the same time another judge refused to place a young criminal on probation for two and a half years because he regarded this sentence as more severe than the year and a half that he would otherwise be kept in prison for it. Commissioner Lewis plainly believes that there is enough of the punitive element in a parole or probationary sentence to satisfy justice, and he makes much of the possibilities for social usefulness in criminals who are free, under close supervision, to work outside institutional walls.

Old Sentiment and New

Undertow. By Kathleen Norris. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company.

Slippy McGee. By Marie Conway Oemler. New York: The Century Company.

The Road to Understanding. By Eleanor H. Porter. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Gold Must Be Tried by Fire. By Richard Aumerle Maher. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Cinderella Jane. By Marjorie Benton Cooke. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company.

This is the End. By Stella Benson. New York: The Macmillan Company.

ONE excellent safeguard against the feminization of literature as a whole may be the persistence of a literature purely feminine such as one finds in a whole department of current fiction. Here themes are treated, problems are labored, modernity is uttered—and sentiment reigns. In spite of everything life should be and may be tinged with rose color, should have and must have, above all, the "happy ending."

In this field Mrs. Norris has served well, as a prophetess of domestic affection and the simple life. Wedding bells with her signal not the "kiss curtain," but the opening scene. She is skilful in showing us an average young American couple facing the test of marriage under present conditions—social and economic rather than intellectual or spiritual conditions. Here, not for the first time, she deals with the "undertow" of extravagance which has done for the happiness of so many young people "anywhere in America." Her Bradleys marry in New York on an income of thirteen hundred. The income increases steadily, but not fast enough to keep pace with the growing family and its imagined needs. Presently, along the primrose path of country house and country club existence our luckless ones are speeding to disaster when their house burns down—a total loss. Good! This is just what our pair need. They have each other. The children are safe, the garage can be lived in, people will no longer expect them to keep up their end, they can make a fresh start and be happy. If Mrs. Norris is somewhat prone to base her dénouements upon such strokes of Providence, we must admit that she is exaggerating rather than inventing the importance of the jolt in human affairs. But she tends to repeat herself; we are now a little too sure of her "number," as the road-slang goes, to follow very eagerly in her golden dust.

"Slippy McGee" is a story of regeneration, of the man who "comes back." On the surface it has several titles to popular favor—as a "crook" story, a benevolent old parson story (no more popular hero, in fiction, than this worthy), a wicked financier story, and, by no means least, a "heart-interest" story. It has also a Lady Baltimorish flavor of Southern aristocracy, set off piquantly by contrast with the Bowery-bred Slippy. That gentleman is a famous cracksman who is left crippled on a railway crossing of idyllic Appleboro, and recreated physically and morally by the good Father De Rancé and the other gentle influences of Appleboro.

As "John Flint," he becomes as distinguished in entomology as Slippy McGee has been in safe-blowing. You must believe this, of course, and the story-teller makes it sufficiently credible. You must believe also that beneath the rough surface of John Flint, who does not altogether outgrow the speech and manner of Slippy, lies not only a heart of gold, but an essential chivalry; in fact, he is one of nature's gentlemen, to be readily accepted as a social equal by the fastidious Madame De Rancé. But the ex-criminal's road is a difficult one, his pride in his old preëminence dies hard, and years pass before his fingers cease to itch for the old tools and learn to be content with their insects. As the "Butterfly Man" he becomes known and esteemed through the countryside; but it is in a final exercise of his professional skill as the half-forgotten Slippy that he brings about the confusion of the wicked financier, and a happy ending for the young romantic pair of the tale. A certain freshness and gusto rescue the story from melodramatic and sentimental fatuity, and render it acceptable in its kind.

In "The Road to Understanding," the author of several "best-sellers" sticks to her profitable last of unconcealed sentimentalism. Of the light and shade and depth of true characterization she has hardly an inkling. She has that plentiful lack of humor which seems almost an asset with the best-buying public, as witness the success of Messrs. Harold Bell Wright, Basil King, Robert Hichens, et al. Sentiment and humor are close together, but sentimentalism best plays a lone hand. Even Dickens's humor deserted him, or was deserted by him, when he set himself to do a purely sentimental turn. Mrs. Porter here, as usual, takes a familiar situation and theme of the story-tellers and gives it her own peculiar sugar-coating. It is the beggar-maid and the lord of high degree modernized and vulgarized to the taste of that ingenuous constituency which appears to be always ready for "another one" by the author of "Pollyanna" and "Just David." The beggar-maid's "common" speech and ways do not please her wedded master, so (like how many prototypes in fiction!) she vanishes and makes a lady of herself. The fact that stares one in the face is that she is essentially "common," and has to be violently converted, as it were, from the ground up. Granted her conversion, we still cannot believe that her flimsy lordling (or his American equivalent, the rich man's son),

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adorable though he might be to the nurse-maid, could have continued adorable to the "arrived" lady. We note that this preposterous story stands second to "Mr. Britling" upon the best-selling lists for April. It would be interesting to know how many readers of either can have endured the other.

A situation somewhat similar is more effectively treated in "Gold Must Be Tried by Fire." The beggar-maid, though moving always under a rosy spot-light, is a figure of romantic dignity. At the outset she is crude but not vulgar, and opportunity develops and refines her character without changing it. She has strength and fineness, and the will to turn them to the best account. The rich man's son also has force and (according to romantic standards) credibility. As for the action which leads up to their eventual union, it is rather too clearly a contrivance, the romancer's old friend coincidence plays somewhat too prominent a part. But the machinery of the story, though obvious, is cleverly put together, and may well enough be accepted by the reader who has put himself in the right mood for this kind of thing. Daidie Grattan, the strong and reckless mill-girl, becomes Adelaide Grattan, the serious servitor of the class to which she has been born. Industrial problems, the relation of capital and labor, the war between the independent and the trust, have much to do with her story. Hugh Barton, in whose mill, after her awakening and education, she enlists for the sake of social usefulness, is the independent hero who defeats the ogreish trust. By that malign body dissension is sown in his ranks, there are to be striking and strike-breaking and the disturbance and suffering that go with them. In the end, of course, all is made right for everybody concerned, and Daidie is providentially released from her fantastic obligation to the past, and duly awarded to her happy Hugh. Like "The Shepherd of the North," by the same author, this is a tale of sentiment without being a tale of folly.

One is not sure about "Cinderella Jane." The writer is so set upon being modern, so enthusiastic about the current doctrine of marriage as a mutually free state, that she strains the point at the expense of her Jane and her husband. And surely in a book so up-to-date we should not have to deal with so many of the old tricks of Victorian romance, the needless mystifications and misunderstandings which have artificially roughened the path of true love for the convenience of story-tellers, since time began. Jane Judd is a literary adventuress in New York who, while serving a hard apprenticeship, makes a living by sewing and tidying-up for a group of young "artists" in the studio district. Jerry Paxton, her first employer, is one of those brilliant irresponsible young painters who, if we are to believe the novelists, have all the other sex at their feet. Jerry knows nothing of Jane except that she is inherently nice and trustworthy. In a fit of revolt against the designs of women, he marries her. Neither of them professes love, their union is an "arrangement." Jane has accepted it as a means of following the advice of a distinguished critic who has discovered her ambition as a writer. He has urged her to come out of her seclusion, "into the world of deeds, of fight and lose, heartache and some rare joys"; and she tackles wifehood and motherhood largely to fit her for authorship. The irony of this is that the great critic, who has a mad wife, loves her himself. So Jane and Jerry make their experiment, and he presently discovers that he knows nothing of her. She has a trick of saying nothing, or worse than nothing, which is irritating to the reader, and which, we must say, Jerry endures uncommonly well. But the author is all for Jane, and we presently find that talented lady lecturing Jerry on his impertinence in wishing to know anything about the woman he has married, and scoffing at him for his obsolete theory that a husband should have something to say about his wife's beings and doings. Her great secret (after some years of marriage, mind you) is her writing. Of course, in time she produces a great book, and Jerry is properly put in his place, and after a Candida-like scene, including the great critic, and a crucial illness of "the child," we behold our Jane and Jerry discovering that they are all for each other and the world well lost. We are to take it that, but for Jane's theories and egotism, this could never have properly happened.

"This is the End," by Stella Benson, is another very modern, and rebellious, and essentially sentimental affair. The earlier book by this consciously audacious young writer, "I Pose," had a deal of cleverness and "punch," especially in its closing scene. The present little narrative begins with a restatement of the not unfamiliar creed (see Mr. Chesterton, *passim*) that all sense is nonsense, and only nonsense is sense. "There is no reason in tangible things, and no system in the ordinary ways of the world. Hands were made to grope, and feet to stumble, and the only things you may count on are the unaccountable things." The girl Jay of the story has learned this doctrine. The too respectable life of her middle-class English home revolts her, so she runs away and becomes a bus conductor. Thereby she achieves that economic and social independence which all maids long for in these days. For the rest, she lives in a dream-world of her own early creating, which involves a certain House on a cliff, a Secret Friend (male) who, with her, blamelessly inhabits that house, and a mysterious dream-action which seems to rise out of her subconsciousness. After a time she appears to find the embodiment (or reëmbodiment?) of her Friend in a certain middle-aged gentleman who unluckily turns out to be married. So poor Jay has to close the book of her dream and marry the good chap who, to tell the truth, fully deserves her.

Notes

HARPER & BROS. announce for publication to-day "Confessions of a War Correspondent," by William G. Shepherd.

"Do We Need a New Idea of God?" by Edmund H. Reeman, will be published on June 30 by George W. Jacobs & Company, Philadelphia.

Charles Scribner's Sons announce for immediate publication "Towards the Goal," by Mrs. Humphry Ward.

"Pros and Cons of the Great War," by Leonard Magnus, and "Canada the Spellbinder," by Lilian Whiting, are announced as forthcoming by E. P. Dutton & Company.

NEW volumes of the Loeb Classical Library, issued by G. P. Putnam's Sons, are as follows: "Achilles Tatius," by S. Gaselee; "Greek Anthology" (Vol. II), by W. R. Paton; "Seneca Tragedies" (two volumes), by F. J. Miller, and "Strabo" (Vol. I), by Horace L. Jones. For the Cambridge University Press the Putnams announce the publication of the following: "The Causes of Tuberculosis," by

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Louis Cobbett; "King Henry V" (Granta Shakespeare), edited by J. H. Lobban; "Q. Septimi Florentis Tertulliani Apologeticus," text of Oehler, annotated with an introduction by John E. B. Mayor; "Russian Lyrics," by J. D. Duff, and "Studies in Pharisaism and the Gospels," by I. Abrahams.

WE are requested to announce that a committee has been formed to mark the centenary of Jane Austen's death, which occurred on July 18, 1817. It is proposed to place a tablet upon Chawton Cottage, near Alton, Hants, recording that the authoress lived there from 1809 to 1817, and that it was from this house that all her works were sent out into the world. It is suggested that subscriptions should consist of five shillings, or one dollar, but larger or smaller sums will be welcome. Any surplus money will be used for the benefit of the village of Stevenson, Hants, Jane Austen's birthplace. The committee is a distinguished one, including, for the United States, W. D. Howells and Clarence Graff. Subscriptions may be sent to Mr. Jefferson Jones, John Lane Company, 116 West 32d Street, New York.

A CIRCULAR has been issued appealing to teachers of French to volunteer their services or make suggestions for providing instruction in that language in the various officers' training camps and similar organizations scattered through the country. The circular truly points out the immense practical as well as sentimental value which a knowledge of French will have for American officers who are going to France to fight side by side with our allies. The circular is signed by the following, who will be glad to receive any offers, suggestions, or information: E. C. Armstrong, Johns Hopkins University; S. H. Bush, University of Iowa; A. G. Canfield, University of Michigan; F. A. G. Cowper, University of Kansas; C. H. Grandgent, Harvard University; K. McKenzie, University of Illinois; W. A. Nitze, University of Chicago; H. A. Smith, University of Wisconsin; F. M. Warren, Yale University; R. Weeks, Columbia University; E. H. Wilkins, University of Chicago.

A TRANSLATION of the whole of Lucretius's "Of the Nature of Things" is no light undertaking, and we may commend William Ellery Leonard for carrying the task through to the end with unflagging zest (Dutton; $1.75 net). It is particularly pleasant to welcome such a work from a professor in a university department of English, since members of that faculty, though rather fond of expressing sentiments favorable to the classics, are seldom ready to show practical interest in maintaining effective relations between the classics and English. Professor Leonard's translation is at once close and idiomatic. We cannot say that he seems on all occasions to have risen to the height of his theme, and we think he would have been better advised had he omitted altogether some of the offensive passages (offensive to modern taste) at the end of the fourth book. But as a whole the work is excellent. As a specimen we quote the famous opening of the second book:

> 'Tis sweet, when, down the mighty main, the winds
> Roll up its waste of waters, from the land
> To watch another's laboring anguish far,
> Not that we joyously delight that man
> Should thus be smitten, but because 'tis sweet
> To mark what evils we ourselves be spared;
> 'Tis sweet, again, to view the mighty strife
> Of armies embattled yonder o'er the plains,
> Ourselves no sharers in the peril; but naught
> There is more goodly than to hold the high
> Serene plateaus, well fortressed by the wise,
> Whence thou may'st look below on other men
> And see them ev'rywhere wand'ring, all dispersed
> In their lone seeking for the road of life;
> Rivals in genius, or emulous in rank,
> Pressing through days and nights with hugest toil
> For summits of power and mastery of the world.

ANNOUNCED as "a series of essays illustrating the continuance of her national life," "Poland's Case for Independence" (Dodd, Mead; $3 net) is a compilation published at the instance of the Polish Information Committee, a body chosen from among the Poles residing in England, which has been recognized by the British Government as in a sense representative of intellectual Poland. The essays composing it are naturally of unequal merit. "The Population of the Polish Commonwealth," by Arthur E. Gurney, and "Poland as an Independent Economic Unit," by Stanislaw Posner, are particularly valuable by their clear and concise exposition of the most important material facts concerning the Polish lands as they existed at the outbreak of the present war. Leon Litwinski in "Intellectual Poland" is equally successful with a more difficult theme, telling in cogent, appealing fashion of the difficulties encountered by educated Poles in maintaining the national traditions, and of the means by which they have surmounted them. On the other hand, "Landmarks of Polish History," by August Zaleski, is hasty and not marked by historic insight. The sketch of "Poland's Struggle for Independence," by Rajmund Kucharski, is more satisfactory, but disappoints one by laying stress on the mere facts of the various revolts rather than on their influence upon the Polish social order. The author is silent, for example, as to the quiet, effective campaign of education by which since 1863 the nobility have striven to convert the peasants into earnest workers for Poland by the side of their former lords. The essays on Polish literature, art, and music, by Jan de Holowinski and Marguerite Walaux, pass at times into mere lists of unfamiliar names, at others into dithyrambic exaltation of things Polish. It shows more enthusiasm than discretion to write thus of Matejko: "A colossus of the breed of the masters of the Renaissance, by his side the greatest painters seem dwarfed." The book, as a whole, despite many mistaken or misleading statements and still more misleading silences, may be warmly commended as an introduction to one of the most important issues of the war; it shows us the Poles as they see themselves; its pages are full of pride in the past and of hope for the future.

THOSE who by temperament are wont to scoff at a book with so pedagogical a title as Angelo Patri's "A Schoolmaster of the Great City" (Macmillan; $1.25) are likely to be surprised: they will find it an engrossing little volume, and they will lay it down with regret; for it has the rare gift of unfolding, without consciousness, the real character of an uncommon man. The author, born of immigrant parents in a poor district of New York city, passes through a sickly childhood, teaches, goes to college, where he falls under the influence of McMurry and Dewey, goes back to teaching in the public schools, struggles in the

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grasp of an iron-clad "system," and finally rises to be principal of a large district school with a polyglot clientèle. This outline of the book is bare and prosaic enough, but the story of the author's life, his own struggles, and his dealings with children, teachers, and parents is told so beautifully and so dramatically that it exerts a strange fascination.

MR. PATRI is whole-heartedly in favor of the institutional school, with its multiform activities, even to the point of despising book-learning. And, as one reads how the little children were gathered into the school out of their dreary streets and homes and were fostered and cared for, how the school reached out to the parents and brought new interests and activities into their lives, one sees this form of public education at its best. And even the harshest critic will agree that the problem of the "melting-pot," of trying to raise our foreign-born population to a standard of living absolutely requisite in a democracy, must be met. But the same critic will not fail to see that in meeting this problem we are also losing sight of the more important fact that the great majority of children are not of this type, and that they are either being neglected or else are being moulded in the same mould and so are losing the chance of that better education which comes from a steady discipline in the thoughts and lives of the best men. And this higher discipline must come from books, the casket of men's thoughts and deeds. It is altogether probable that, under the stimulus of such a man as Mr. Patri, the usually barren vocational and nature studies became instinct with life and meaning, but given a school director of his personality so would any form of study. His neighborhood stirred into better living and better ideals, but it did so because of his vivifying influence. It is significant that his greatest troubles were with his school board, which was lukewarm or hostile, although all school boards are committed to that cosmopolitan system of education which, like its congener, usually has a dozen slums for one bright spot. In this weary time of war and ruin it is refreshing and comforting to turn to the record of Mr. Patri's life as a schoolmaster and to meditate on its subtle influence for good as it penetrates the lives of many children until who can say how far it will reach.

THE title "Women and Work," by Helen M. Bennett (Appleton; $1.50 net), is somewhat misleading without its limiting sub-title "The Economic Value of College Training." The author, who is the manager of the Chicago Collegiate Bureau of Occupations, has undoubtedly had a large experience in finding occupations for college graduates and gives a shrewd analysis of their traits. On the whole, the picture drawn is not a very cheerful one, if this summing up of the situation is true: "Inherited prejudice, the claim of physical unfitness, woman's natural averseness to demanding the higher wage, competition, lack of proper training, possibly inequalities in the franchise—all these may be factors in the lower wage [and presumably in the difficulty of obtaining positions requiring responsibility]. But the real, fundamental reason why women are paid more poorly than men lies in a definite failure of women themselves. Women draw lower wages than men because of their failure to fit themselves perfectly into their occupations." Those parts of the book which deal with the specific problem of finding jobs are interesting and valuable, but when the author attempts to characterize human traits or to give the results of psychology and philosophy she shows a plentiful lack of knowledge. For example, when discussing temperament, her classification into the dramatic, the philosophic, and the scientific and her analyses of the traits of each class are weird. Consider this interesting contribution to the scientific temperament: "They forget to go home to meals and they do not remember to get married. Their individual attachments are perfectly sincere, but they are not in the foreground of their consciousness. . . . The scientific eye, technically, is likely to be near-sighted." The reader of the book is likely to be exasperated by the inexcusable irregularity of the style. Thus the writer pleases when she inveighs against the catch-word "efficiency" and its use as a shibboleth. But she herself constantly sins in the same way by making everything "to function." In this day of slack style, much has to be overlooked, and Miss Bennett is probably not worse than many others, but it is inexcusable that the proofreaders of a reputable firm should allow so many blunders to pass. We note a few: science *wreaks* of machinery (p. 19); a *nondescript* salary (p. 24); *raised* as an intransitive verb (p. 30); *urge* as a noun (p. 263), etc. The book has its value, but it should be pruned and carefully rewritten that it may not serve as an example of "English as she is taught" in our colleges.

EVOLUTION is studied from a new standpoint in "The Order of Nature" (Harvard University Press), by Prof. L. J. Henderson. The adaptation of organic life to its environment has been a favorite theme. As a rule, the physical and chemical aspects of the problem have been neglected, and Professor Henderson, by calling attention to them, has started an investigation which will certainly be continued. According to the author's view the temperature of the earth, the alkalinity of the ocean, the enormous abundance of water and of the elements carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen provide a possibly unique setting for the appearance and development of organisms. He almost commits himself to the opinion that life is a necessary consequence of the earth's physical and chemical constitution, an opinion which points to a hitherto unrecognized order existing among the properties of matter. As a setting for the problem the teleological principles of Aristotle and of the philosophers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries are sketched, and then the biological and evolutionary doctrines are briefly reviewed. This portion of the book is rather conventional. The last chapters are given to a discussion of the unique properties of the three elements hydrogen, carbon, and oxygen. And it is on the examination of the properties and activities of these elements that the author hopes to show the teleological order of the universe. A proof is not pretended, and like all such discussions which attempt a scientific exposition of a final cause the argument has an inevitable tendency to drift into vague generalities that cannot displace scientific agnosticism.

THAT John Muir will have a secure, if quite subordinate, position in American letters begins to seem highly probable: a probability suggested, among other ways, by the reprinting of four of the buoyant, engrossing chapters of his "Story of My Boyhood and Youth" in the Riverside Literature Series under the title "The Boyhood of a Naturalist" (Houghton Mifflin; 25 cents).

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Notes from the Capital

Time's Revenges

THE whirligig of war has brought recently into prominent view two men whose names were linked in a sensational incident some seventeen years ago. These are Dr. David Starr Jordan, of California, and Prof. Edward Alsworth Ross, of Wisconsin. Jordan, who at the time was president of Stanford University, dismissed Ross from the faculty because Ross's candidly voiced opinions against permitting further Oriental immigration and in favor of municipal ownership of public utilities were distasteful to Mrs. Stanford. The dismissal caused a violent upheaval in the faculty of the University, several professors following Ross into retirement as a voluntary expression of their sympathy with him. Throughout the collegiate world it excited animated discussion, usually ending in a strong denunciation of such an effort to stifle free speech in institutions of learning. Jordan, while not disguising his realization that Mrs. Stanford had erred, defended her sincerity of purpose, and took it upon himself to say that Ross, instead of being a martyr to scholastic liberty, was let out because—for reasons left wholly for the public to guess at—he was "not the proper man for the place he held."

It is an interesting coincidence that Jordan, who has made himself very conspicuous during the last year as a pacifist agitator, found things on that account rather uncomfortable for him when he visited Princeton University in March. President Hibben, who believes in the righteousness of the Allies' cause in the world war, and was anxious to see the United States do its part in sustaining this, declined to offer the hospitalities of any of the university buildings for Jordan's proposed address to the students. An effort to engage the parlors of the Nassau Inn failed because it was feared that feeling was running so high as to lead possibly to a disturbance. Finally, the use of one of the town churches was obtained. Up to this point, sentiment in the student body sided rather with the visitor than with the local authorities, not as to his views on the pending war, but because the traditions of the university favored free speech; when, however, he took advantage of his opportunity to assail President Wilson, a storm of censure burst upon him, expressing itself in hisses, and ready to proceed to further extremes but for the fact that the meeting was in a church. No one but the speaker can tell how much pure sarcasm, and how much belated regret for the share he had taken in the Ross incident, was conveyed in his closing assurance: "Whenever any of you wish to speak at Stanford University, you may have your choice of building!"

For an habitual champion of peace, Jordan has done not a little fighting in his day. His early life was a struggle between a long ambition and a short purse, and it is to his credit that he largely worked his own way through Cornell University in its rough pioneer period, laboring on the college farm for 15 cents an hour, and taking care of one of the laboratories. For his subsistence, he belonged to the "Struggle-for-Existence" Club, so called because its members made their table conform with their means for the moment, sometimes making a meal of parsnips and anon of spring lamb. As a student he specialized in botany; but, coming under the influence of Louis Agassiz, he became an enthusiastic ichthyologist and general investigator of marine life. Most newspaper readers will remember him best for his leading part in the fur-seal controversies of an earlier era. In educational circles he enjoys the distinction of having been president of the State University of Indiana before his thirty-fourth birthday—the youngest man in the country to hold such a position.

Among other fads which he has followed in the course of his career is the simplification of English spelling, and he served for a long while on the national advisory board to promote this reform. But about a dozen years ago some of the newer and more agile members of the board, without consulting all the older heads, rushed to the front with a list of three hundred words which they presented to President Roosevelt and which he in turn, on their recommendation, sent to the Public Printer with instructions to use the revised forms thenceforward in Government documents. Then Jordan rose in disgust and handed in his resignation. He was glad, he said, to help in modifying the archaic forms in which our language had been clothed, but when it came to such changes as turning "through" into "thru," they were too strong for his digestion, and he revolted against the attempt to make him appear to approve of them. His latest fight, aside from his attack upon the President at Princeton, was made upon Gen. Leonard Wood for urging the nation, a few weeks before the President's war message, to prepare for the hostilities which were close at hand.

Professor Ross, whose severe disciplining at Stanford had brought Jordan so unpleasant a notoriety, is going to Russia simultaneously with the Commission, headed by

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Root, though not as a member of it. He is an economist and sociologist of some standing, with what he would call advanced, but many of his contemporaries would stamp as heretical, notions on sundry public questions. Among these may be mentioned his kindly disposition towards the free silver coinage excitement, his denunciation of the effort of Mr. Cleveland's Administration to take the Government out of the banking business, and his objection to letting Chinese and Japanese labor into this country because the Orientals can live on less than the Americans. He was also an earnest opponent of the Rooseveltian idea of encouraging big families. The movement for restricting the birth-rate he welcomed as having a salutary basis, while the evils in its train seemed to him "minor or transient, self-limiting or curable"; and he declared that he took his "stand with those who hate famine, war, sabre-toothed competition, class antagonism, degradation of the masses, wasting of children, dwarfing of women, and cheapening of men." In what direction he will try to influence the Russians at this critical juncture of the world's fortunes, I, for one, am curious to see. TATTLER

Baccalaureate and Poet Laureate

"IN the same manner as the city of Athens shone in former days as the mother of liberal arts and the nurse of philosophers," says Bartholomæus Anglicus, "so in our times Paris has raised the standard of learning and civilization not only in France, but in all the rest of Europe; and, as the mother of wisdom, she welcomes guests from all parts of the world, supplies all their wants, and subjects them to her pacific rule."*

To the cultivated Englishman of the thirteenth century, as to his contemporaries on the Continent, the University of Paris was the intellectual centre and the source of academic tradition. Stephen Langton had left a prebendaryship at York to study there; had, according to an unverified tradition, become a chancellor; had won distinction as historian and poet as well as in theology, and had brought the traditions of the University back with him when he returned to take up his troublous career at Canterbury. Alexander Neckham, author of "De Naturis Rerum" and a distinguished teacher at the University of Paris, returned to England in the closing years of the twelfth century and became Abbot of Cirencester in 1213. Many of the English schoolmen of the generations immediately following him studied and taught there. Bishop Grossetest, author of the "Chasteau d'Amour," was educated at Paris, and became Chancellor of Oxford. Roger Bacon studied at Paris, where he probably, though not certainly, graduated as doctor, and spent many years of his active and industrious life at Oxford. Duns Scotus, the *doctor subtilis*, left the professorship of divinity at Oxford to become a regent of the University of Paris. This natural reciprocity between Paris and the incipient university at Oxford was supplemented by the sudden migration of many scholars from Paris to Oxford in the year 1229 as a result of a quarrel between the Provost and Queen Blanche. The English "nation"* left in a body for Oxford, and many of the foreign masters, at the express invitation of Henry III, followed their example. By 1257, the Oxford deputies, speaking before the King at St. Albans, could refer to the University as *schola secunda ecclesiæ* —second only to Paris.

In the University of Paris, the student of the liberal arts (the *trivium*, or grammar, logic, and rhetoric, and the *quadrivium*, or arithmetic, geometry, music, and astronomy) had the *status* of a *baccalarius artium*, or bachelor of arts, until the specific degree of master of arts was conferred upon him. It was this latter degree which authorized him to teach. But, apparently in the thirteenth century, it became customary to confirm the preliminary *status* also by a special ceremonial, or in other words to confer upon the student a preliminary degree of *baccalarius artium*. This degree, if it may be properly so called, was conferred not by the chancellor or faculty, but by the "nation" to which the student belonged.

From the outset this ceremony seems to have involved some sort of laureation. Etymologically, the association of the *baccalarius artium* with the symbolic crown of laurel is perhaps open to question;† but the compound could hardly have escaped substituting for its ignominious origin a family-tree more satisfying to the imagination. *Baca*, a berry, and *laurus*, laurel, were compounded in classical Latin;‡ and the resemblance of *baccalarius* to the traditional symbol of poetical fame was too close to be ignored. The degree indeed seems to have been explicitly referred to in the statutes as the *laurea baccalaureus*, and the recipients had crowns of laurel placed upon their heads, and styled themselves "laureates" in their particular degree.§

The dates of establishment (1249, 1263, and 1264, respectively) of the first three Oxford colleges, University, Balliol, and Merton, with customs and methods patterned upon the parent institution, may therefore reasonably be taken as marking the beginning of this practice in England; and the almost coincidental appearance of the title of "laureate" in an instance hereafter to be noted confirms the supposition. The completeness also with which the traditional association of the *baccalarius artium* with the laurel was taken over is aptly illustrated in John Ayliffe's quaint definition of baccalaureate: "In laurel, those small *pillulæ* we call *bacchæ*, which this tree buds forth as flowers. And because there is hope for the flower, this term *Baccha Lauri* is given to young students in hopes they will afterwards merit the laurel crown."‖

The academic ceremonial of crowning with the laurel wreath as it obtained at a later date is described by Anthony Wood; and there is no reason to doubt its applicability also to the earlier period: "Maurice Byrchinsaw, a scholar of Rhetoric, who had spent fourteen years in that and Grammar, supplicated that he might be admitted Bachelaur in that Faculty, but with this condition, that he com-

Bartholomaei Anglici De . . . Rerum . . . Proprietatibus, Book XV, chap. 57. Cited by Jusserand *Lit. Hist. of the Engl. People*, Vol. I, p. 169, and note. Bartholomew's *De Proprietatibus* was written about the middle of the thirteenth century.

*Among the student body, the representatives of each country were segregated into a "nation."

†Possibly analogous to low Latin *bacca* (*vacca*), a cow, *baccalis*, a grazing-farm, *baccalarius*, a cow-boy or grazer's apprentice, hence any youth in service. The unfledged knight, like the "yong Squyer" of the *Canterbury Tales*, was a *bacheler*. So also the student in the service of his academic master (cf. Oxford Dict. *bachelor* and *baccalaureate*).

‡*E. g.*, *Pliny*, 17, 10, 11, § 60.

§See M. l'Abbé du Resnel's *Recherches sur les Poetes Couronnez* (*Histoire de l'Academie, Mémoires du Littérature*, Vol. X, pp. 507 ff.) (1733). M. l'Abbé quotes *Filesac de Origine Statutorum Facultatis Parisiensis*.

‖*Antient and Present State of the University of Oxford*. Lond. 1714, II, 195.

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pose an hundred verses 'de Nobilitate Universitatis,' and that he should not at any time read to or teach his scholars Ovid 'de Arte Amandi,' or Pamphilus 'de Amore.' John Bulman, also, who had been a scholar of Rhetoric for several years, supplicated that he might be admitted to the reading of any book in the same faculty, and that also if it was granted, that he might be laureated. Which desire of his being brought to pass, his head was (with this condition that he should read the first book of Tully's 'Offices' and the first book of his 'Epistles' publicly and without expectation of reward) very solemnly adorned with laurel by the Chancellor in a Congregation of Regents; at which time the Proctors assisted in that formality, and the Regents, after it was done, all saluted and joyed him, in and with his Honour.

"Among several others that proceeded after this way was Robert Whitinton, one of the last, who, having been a secular chaplain and a scholar of Rhetoric for fourteen years and an Informer of Boys twelve, supplicated that it might be sufficient for the taking of his degree, Etc. an. 1512. Which being granted, was, after he had composed an 100 verses, crowned with Laurel at the Act following. This Robert Whitinton, that famous Grammarian in the Reign of King Henry VIII, sometime Scholar to John Stanbrige, and a writer of several Grammar Treatises, doth in one intituled 'De Octo partibus Orationis,' of which book there are several editions, thus stile himself a Laureat: *Roberti Whitintoni Lichfeldiensis Grammaticis Magistri, protovatis Angliæ in florentissima Oxoniensi Academia Laureati, de octo partibus Orationis.*"*

It was, apparently, this purely academic custom of associating the ceremonial coronation with the conferring of a degree in grammar, rhetoric, and poetry,† that first gave vogue to the title of laureate. There is no reason to doubt that the custom dates from the first establishment of the degree; and if, as Wood says, Whittington was "one of the last," it was discontinued in the early sixteenth century. That the custom of academic coronation was coeval with the establishment of the degree is borne out by the fact that the first appearance of the title roughly coincides with the foundation of the Oxford colleges. Robert Baston, who is described by both Bale‡ and Anthony Wood§ as a poet laureate of Oxford, flourished in the late thirteenth and early fourteenth centuries. His name happens to have been rescued from oblivion because of a tradition that Robert Bruce captured him at the siege of Stirling Castle and made him write a poem on that event. His poem, "De Striveliniensi Obsidione," has been preserved;‖ and on the strength of the tradition, Warton, in his "History of English Poetry," and the various biographers of the English poets laureate ever since,¶ have described him as "Poet Laureate to Edward II" and more or less officially attending his royal master in that campaign. There is not the slightest reason to believe that he was anything of the sort, or that he accompanied the King in any other capacity than as an ordinary soldier in the ranks. It is much more reasonable to suppose that, after being laureated in the ordinary manner at Oxford, he appended the title to his name purely for its academic significance, as other university laureates were to do in the ensuing two centuries.

The academic use of the work served, however, to give it vogue; and it was not long before it became associated, in the classical manner, with poetical achievement, irrespective of any more precise significance. Thus, with the purely academic laureates (of whom Skelton is the typical example) on the one hand, and such poets as "my maister, Chaucer,

> "The noble Rhetore, poet of Britaine,
> That worthy was the laurel to have
> Of poetry and the palm attaine."

on the other, the way was opened for those fantastic lists of early "official" poets laureate, concerning whom later historians of literature taxed their imaginations.

EDMUND KEMPER BROADUS

**History and Antiquities of the University of Oxford*, Anthony Wood, London, 1796, Vol. II, p. 721.

†Poetry and rhetoric were, according to Wood (*loc. cit.*), "concluded within the compass of those statutes belonging to the Faculty of Grammar, because that those that took their degrees in Rhetoric or Poetry did for the most part join Grammar with them."

‡*Laureatus apud Oxoniensis*, Bale, *Cent.* iv, *cap.* 92.

§"'Tis said that one Robert Baston, a Carmelite, was a Laureat Poet of Oxford in the reign of Edward I." Wood, *Hist. and Antiq. of the Univ. of Oxford*, II, 721.

‖At the British Museum, Cotton MSS. Titus, A xx.

¶Not excepting the latest. See Forbes-Gray, *Poets Laureate of England*, Lond., 1914, p. 8 and index.

Finance

Subscriptions to the War Loan

IN the face of what seems to be an $800,000,000 oversubscription to the $2,000,000,000 United States war loan, our Government's operation stands alone among the national borrowings for this war. Larger amounts than $2,500,000,000 have been raised in Europe on a single loan when the amount to be allotted was limited only by the total subscription. But no European war loan of a fixed amount has yet been oversubscribed, and this fact is emphasized by the further consideration that the price of our present loan—a 3½ per cent. issue at par—is by far the most favorable which any belligerent has yet obtained since this war began.

The Stock Exchange began trading at once in the new bonds, "deliverable when issued"; they sold as a rule at par, the issue price, with occasional small fractional advances above that price and a slight but only momentary quotation below it. As yet, and until the bonds are actually in the hands of subscribers, it will be useless to draw inferences as to the market's actual valuation. This initial feeling-about for the price rarely discloses anything, except in cases (like our Spanish War loan of 1898) in which the intrinsic value of the bonds was known to be greater than the price of issue. Those 3 per cents, for which subscribers paid par, were bid for at once at 102½ on the curb; they rose to 104¼ on the Stock Exchange the same week, and went to 105 a few weeks later. But those were other times; the national banks wanted the bonds as a basis for note circulation; and by far the greater number of individual subscribers—who were 320,226 in number for the $200,000,000 issue—bought the new 3s with the purpose of re-selling them later to the banks.

It was naturally enough asked last week, after the strenuous efforts applied for the obtaining of the whole $2,000,000,000 on this loan, whether the fact that the subscription seemed for a time so difficult to raise did not mean that to obtain a similar amount again, later on, would be vastly more difficult. That, however, is not the conclusion to be

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drawn from Europe's experience since the war began. In the case of both England and Germany, the first war loan was the hardest to float and the least successful of them all. In both countries the second loan was far more productive than the first, and the third than the second.

Germany, in its first war borrowing of October, 1914, made a very high bid, offering a 5 per cent. long-term loan at 97½, and in as large amounts as the people would subscribe. The public did take $1,120,000,000 of the bonds, and there were 1,177,235 separate subscribers, of whom 231,112 asked for bonds in amounts of $50 or less. But a larger amount had been expected, and in every subsequent German war loan, as a result of greater energy of canvass, there were at least twice as many separate subscribers as in the loan of 1914.

England's first war loan, issued in November, 1914, was not well handled; the Exchequer had a good many lessons to learn from its mistakes on that occasion. The loan was for 3½ per cent., but it was sold at 95, and no bonds of smaller denomination than $500 were offered. It seemed to be expected that the loan would go to a premium at once, and stay there. It did in one week sell at 95½ on the Stock Exchange, but at other times was quoted consistently below the issue price, and it went to 93¼ before the next war loan was put out.

The Government, when proposing the second loan in June of 1915, figured that, since this price meant a net interest yield of 4¼ per cent. to the investor, the new loan would have to carry 4½ per cent. to be sold successfully at par. That rate was fixed; bonds in as small denominations as $25 were authorized; an intensive publicity campaign was carried on. These arrangements brought in a total subscription of $2,925,000,000, as against the $1,750,000,000 for the 3½s.

If we are to repeat this experience of Europe, the inference would seem to be that our future war loans will be more easily floated than this one; that they could even be made in a larger total sum, but that the rate of interest might have to be higher. There are some points of distinction, however. One of them is the exemption of our Government bonds from the income tax, which, in effect, makes the interest rate somewhat higher than 3½ per cent., the difference varying with the supertax on large incomes. It is not wholly clear how the salability of another loan would be affected, imagining the withdrawal of this exemption privilege. Small subscribers not subject to the supertax would be attracted by a higher interest rate on a loan, even if not tax-exempt; but the large subscriber is after all necessarily the main reliance.

With this great fiscal operation completed, the American market is better able to understand what used to puzzle it in 1915—where these sums of such unheard-of magnitude actually came from. The four explanations used to be: the exclusion of all other new investments; curtailment of living expenses so as to command the subscription money; heavy borrowing to anticipate future income, and the drawing-down to the lowest level of idle bank balances. The last-mentioned expedient—an exceedingly fruitful one—has been employed in very large measure in our present case. So, to an extent not yet determined, has the borrowing process. The other expedients have not been touched; in the case of the field of other investments, it will very possibly not be touched at all.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION

Borofsky, S. H. The Wheel of Destiny. Badger. $1.25 net.
Bottome, P. The Derelict. Century. $1.35 net.
Browne, P. E. Someone and Somebody. Bobbs-Merrill. $1.35 net.
Curle, R. The Echo of Voices. Knopf. $1.50 net.
Farnol, J. The Definite Object. Little, Brown. $1.50 net.
Fisher, M. The Treloars. Crowell. $1.35 net.
Henderson, W. E. B. Behind the Thicket. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Lucas, St. J. April Folly. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Lynde, F. Stranded in Arcady. Scribner. $1.35 net.
Oppenheim, E. P. The Cinema Murder. Little, Brown. $1.35 net.
Rinehart, H. R. Bab: A Sub-Deb. Doran. $1.40 net.
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Summary of the News

PRESIDENT WILSON made a notable address on Flag Day, June 14, which has been accepted generally both here and abroad as a cogent presentation at once of the causes which, after long patience, drove this country to enter the war and of the common aims shared by the Allies. We have space here only to note two outstanding points in a remarkable document: first, the slight shift in emphasis which led the President to pay more attention in this speech than he has done heretofore to the particular and very grave grievances which the United States has against Germany; secondly, the carefully chosen words which he used towards the allies of Germany, words which can hardly fail to suggest to them a consideration of the plight into which they have been led by the ambitions of the dominant partner. The effectiveness of the President's address can be measured by the outburst of fury which it has provoked in the German press.

AFTER all the professions of pessimism the results of the Liberty Loan, subscription to which closed at noon on June 15, have proved to be exactly what every sober citizen felt instinctively that they must be. The loan was oversubscribed by some $800,000,000. The Treasury authorizes the statement that the issue will be limited to the original $2,000,000,000, and that in assigning the bonds preference will be given to small subscribers.

ESTIMATES of registration for the draft also give the lie to the pessimists. The total will apparently be approximately 9,500,000, half a million short of the estimated 10,000,000. Active opposition to the measure has not been of a very serious character, being confined principally to avowed anarchists. Two anarchist leaders, Emma Goldman and A. Berkman, were arrested in New York last week.

TO the war measures actually accomplished by the Administration must now be added the War Budget, which was signed by the President last week. The Espionage bill, with its important embargo clause, was also approved by the Senate last week and only awaits the President's signature. It would be pleasant to be able to add to the list of things achieved some tangible progress with the Lever Food bill and with shipping. The former, unfortunately, despite constant urging by the President, in which he has been supported vigorously by representatives of labor, is still the victim of wrangling at the Capitol, and the end is not yet in sight. On Saturday of last week, however, the President authorized Mr. Hoover to go ahead with his plans for the "mobilization of the great voluntary forces of the country which are ready to work toward saving food and eliminating waste." On Sunday night, accordingly, Mr. Hoover began his campaign by issuing an appeal to the women of the country to coöperate in the saving of food. Plans were outlined for a general registration of women volunteers for this purpose, to begin on July 1 and continue intensively for fifteen days. As for shipping, the ordinary layman reads with misgiving of matters which are beyond his ken—differences of opinion between Gen. Goethals and Chairman Denman of the Shipping Board as to prices to be paid for steel—and only wishes profoundly that all such questions might be adjusted promptly and discreetly and a real start be made with the Administration's shipping programme.

AVIATION occupies an important place in the war plans of the Administration. It is understood that a bill is to be submitted to Congress shortly calling for an expenditure of $600,000,000 on this arm of warfare, in which it is felt that America can render the most immediate assistance to her allies and in which young Americans are particularly adapted to excel. Secretary Baker gave out a statement on the question on Sunday.

SINCE the big offensive south of Ypres which we recorded last week the only events of note on the western front have been a retreat of the Germans southeast of Messines in the direction of the river Lys and a successful stroke by the British at the Ypres-Comines Canal. From the Italian front there is nothing of importance to record.

MR. ROOT'S arrival in Petrograd, which he reached on June 13, has been coincident with a considerable apparent improvement in the Russian situation. It cannot be said that the Socialist reception of President Wilson's recent note and of the British and French statements is encouraging for the future peace of Russia or of the world. On the other hand, these communications seem to have made a good impression on the Provisional Government, and there are continued signs that other elements in Russia are beginning to assert themselves besides the extremists. The Duma on Sunday passed a resolution calling for an immediate offensive by the Russian forces "in close coöperation with Russia's allies." No less significant is the summary rejection of peace terms offered by Berlin through the intermediary of a Swiss person called Robert Grimm and the expulsion of that person from Russia. Similarly the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates issued a forceful and eloquent proclamation on June 16 rejecting with scorn a recent peace offer from Austria presented through the wireless by Prince Leopold, and exhorting Russians to "rally round the banner of revolution and increase the energy of the military power for the defence of freedom." Mr. Root's admirable address at his official reception by the Council of Ministers on June 15 receives comment in our editorial columns.

KING CONSTANTINE of Greece, having betrayed his country, his country's ally, and his own oath to the constitution, was finally compelled by France, Great Britain, and Russia, the protecting Powers of Greece, to abdicate his throne on June 12. He also abdicated in behalf of his eldest son, the Crown Prince, designating as his successor his second son, Prince Alexander. The formalities of the abdication were attended to by M. Jonnart, the French Senator, who went to Athens on a special mission as the representative of the three protecting Powers. Entente troops have been landed at Athens and in other cities of Greece, but apparently the deposition of the faithless sovereign has taken place without undue disturbance. A number of Constantine's personal followers and members of the General Staff have been exiled. Constantine himself and his family left Greece on an Allied battleship, his ultimate destination, it is thought, being Switzerland. From Germany we hear that the incident has created "a painful impression," as it well may have, and there has also been published the alleged text of a

(*Continued on next page.*)

More Travels of Robinson Crusoe

I have recently felt a strong inclination to go abroad again, which has hung about me like a chronical distemper. Yet no sooner do I think longingly of a trip to my plantation or to my old home in England than the painful times and the infested condition of the waters are recalled to me.

I have therefore adopted a plan which I like better daily. I find that by but a slight exercise of my imagination I can accompany others upon their journeyings. Thus during the past month I have visited a number of countries and enjoyed experiences covering a variety of centuries with but the smallest expense and bodily effort.

I set forth first with one Birket, a sea-captain from the West Indies.[1] We set sail on July 26th, 1750, landed at Portsmouth, and travelled down the east coast of the United States. It was interesting to visit towns like Boston and Philadelphia in their beginnings.

With a young historian I next accompanied the Atlantic Fleet of the United States upon a winter cruise.[2] By a careful observation of the work from day to day, I became familiar with the life of both seamen and officers.

Once upon the sea, I was little inclined to return to the land. I therefore embarked upon an eighteenth-century voyage with Moreau de Saint-Méry,[3] who sailed from Havre to Norfolk in 1793, returning to Paris in 1798. The interval was spent very pleasantly in the United States, notably in Philadelphia. I was thus able to observe again the region which I had visited with Birket. In fact, I became so attached to this new and great country that I accepted an invitation to ride west in a schooner wagon of 1810.[4] I travelled with a Deacon under the amusing guidance of a young lady, at once well-born and witty.

My next adventure was a visit to China, entering it in the host of Timur, who lived five hundred years ago and who has been sung by William Rose Benét in his "Great White Wall."[5]

My last journey was timeless, and while I call it a journey to Bagdad, I should not be competent to trace my route upon the map. Yet of all my journeys, it was fullest of pleasant imaginings, and I should advise it for all who feel themselves ready for a summer outing.[6]

My method of travelling I can commend to all.

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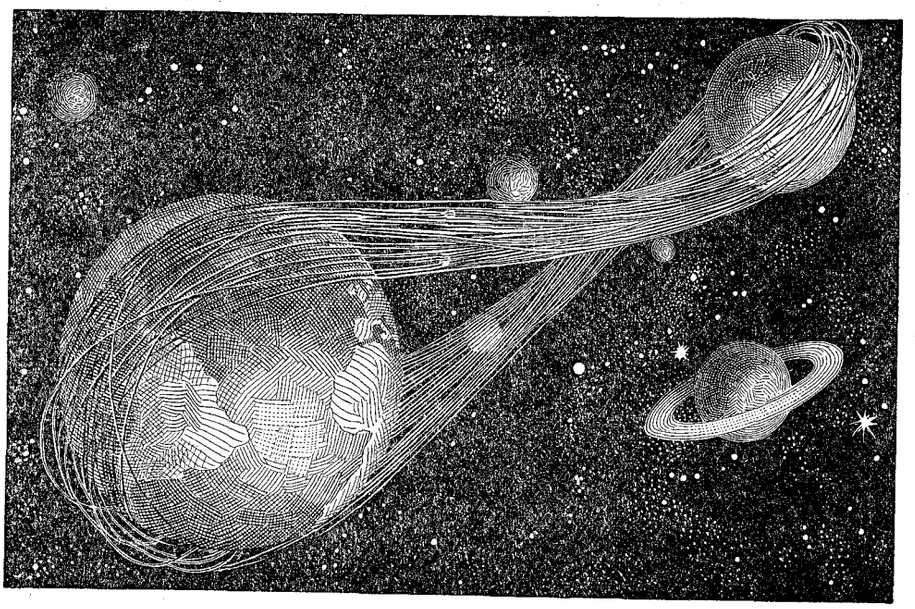

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(*Continued from preceding page.*)

telegram of sympathy from the Kaiser to his brother-in-law, in which the sabre is rattled so realistically that it sounds almost too good to be true. Nothing has been stated officially of the plans of M. Venizelos, but the conclusion is obvious that he will return to power.

THE British report of losses by submarines and mines showed an increase for the week ended June 10, twenty-two ships of more and ten of less than 1,600 tons being sunk. Arrivals were 2,767; sailings, 2,822. Twenty-three vessels were unsuccessfully attacked. Two American oil steamers, the Petrolite and the Moreni, have been sunk recently, the latter after an engagement with a submarine which lasted for two hours.

BABY-MURDER on a larger scale than usual was indulged in by a squadron of German aeroplanes which, on June 14, conducted a raid over London. Bombs were dropped principally in the East End, one, characteristically, falling in the infant class of a school. In all 104 people were killed and 403 injured. Of the total killed and injured 120 were children. Not a single soldier was hurt. The German report of the raid described the place attacked as a "fort." Jealous of the success of the aeroplanes, two Zeppelins dropped bombs on a town in Kent in the early hours of Sunday morning. The result was disappointing, only two persons being killed and sixteen injured, which hardly compensated for the loss of one of the Zeppelins which was brought down in flames by an aeroplane, all of its company being killed.

ANNOUNCEMENT was made in the House of Commons on June 15 that all the prisoners taken in the Irish rebellion of Easter Monday, last year, would be released without reservation. This action was taken, Mr. Bonar Law said, as "an earnest of the spirit in which they [the British Government] approach the convention." The prisoners are now at liberty.

SOME misunderstanding, which has rather the appearance of a storm in a teacup, has arisen between Japan and the United States in consequence of the note recently sent by Secretary Lansing to China informing that country that the United States would welcome an adjustment of its internal difficulties. At first it was thought that the misunderstanding was due to the incorrect form in which the note had been published in a Japanese newspaper, but apparently Japan does feel some resentment at what she regards as interference by this country in the internal affairs of China, over which she claims to exercise a kind of Monroe doctrine. The United States invited other interested nations to send identic notes to China on the subject of her internal affairs, and the reply of Great Britain has been received, but not yet published, by the State Department. Great Britain, it is understood, while sympathetic to the American attitude, is not inclined to commit herself to the full extent suggested.

CONSIDERABLE anxiety has been felt recently concerning the situation in Spain. Very little news of a definite character has come through from that country of late, but there have been persistent rumors of the spread of a revolutionary movement brought about by economic difficulties.

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